The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Sir Walter Runciman, whose new book, "The Tragedy of St. Helena," is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has written several books about sailors, ships, and the sea that have been published by the Walter Scott Publishing Company. He is contemplating for his next book a study of Napoleon III. Sir Walter is the father of the President of the Board of Education.

In which connection, by the way, Messrs. Constable are publishing a book entitled "What Is and What Might Be" in the field of education. It is written by Mr. E. A. G. Holmes, author of that now notorious document, the Holmes Circular.

Messrs. Blackwood seem rather to have specialised in the novel of Anglo-Indian life, of native unrest and frontier fighting. They have published the stories of "Sidney Grier," Mrs. Diver, and Hugh Clifford, and now announce two such novels by new writers—"Peter's Progress," by Christopher Heath, a tale of the adventures of a subaltern in the Punjab, and "The Price of Empire," by Mrs. Hobart-Hampden, which deals at first hand with those disturbances that are threatening our supremacy in India.

Two of the many publications that have been occasioned by the forthcoming Coronation are a charming little book by the author of "Where's Master?" entitled "If I were King George," by Happy, the King's Dog, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published; and "The Portrait Book of our Kings and Queens," edited by T. Leman Hare, and published by Messrs. Jack. This contains a series of portraits in colour of all our sovereigns from the Conquest to George V., with historical notes on each by Eyre Pascoe.

Messrs. Cassell are issuing a new edition of Mr. Foster Fraser's "Canada As It Is," this re-issue being illustrated with four colour plates and forty-seven full-page plates from photographs.

Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent, whose "Speakers of the House of Commons" (John Lane) we review elsewhere, is the youngest son of the well-known Scandinavian scholar, Sir George Webbe Dasent, and his long and intimate connection with the official

side of Parliamentary life makes him an ideal historian and biographer of the Speakers of the House. He was born under the shadow of Westminster Abbey (at 6, Broad Sanctuary); his earliest impressions of the Abbey are associated with the teachings of Dean Stanley, after whom he was called Arthur; and he maintained his family connection with Westminster by having his only son christened there, in 1905, in the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel. His family connection with Westminster goes back over some two centuries; his brothers, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all educated at Westminster School, the last-named entering there as long ago as 1750. Mr. Dasent was the first of his name to be educated at Eton. While he was still in his teens he entered the public service, having secured in a competitive examination an appointment in the Duchy of Lancaster office. On the nomination of the late Sir Thomas Erskine-May (Lord Farnborough) he became one of the Clerks to the House of Commons in 1882, and has been there ever since.

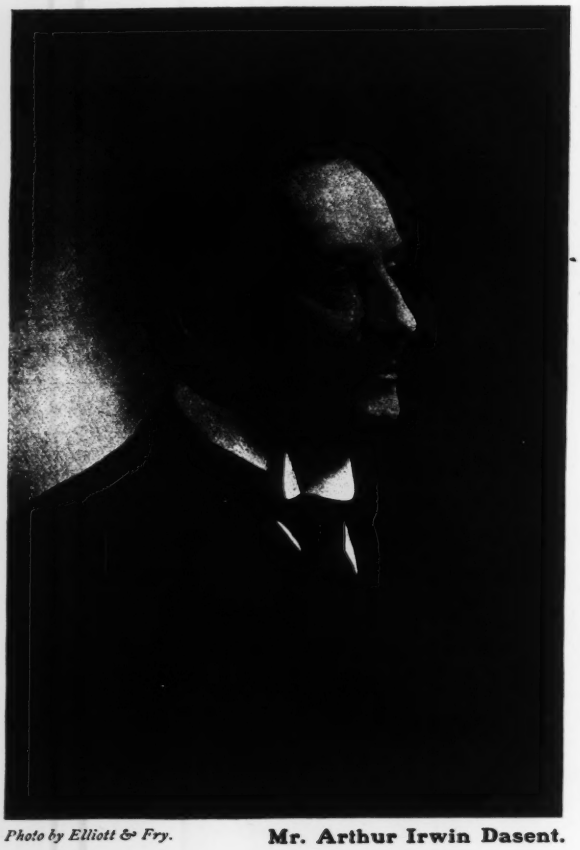

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent.**

"The History of St. James's Square," Mr. Dasent's first book, was published by Macmillan in 1895, and was an immediate and unqualified success. In 1903 he wrote a memoir of his father, by way of preface to a new edition of Sir George Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse"; and followed this in 1908 with a Life of Delane, the famous *Times* editor, who was his uncle. This latter book, though published at the unusually high price of thirty-two shillings, is now in its fourth thousand, and the issue of a cheap edition of it in one volume is in prospect. Mr. Dasent had a share in the production of that monumental work, Jackson's "English Goldsmiths and their Marks," compiling the elaborate index to it as a labour of love. At present he is engaged on histories of "Piccadilly" and of "Mayfair," as companion volumes to his "St. James's Square," and one of these is to be published very shortly.

But this record is far from exhausting the list of Mr. Dasent's activities. He has been a member of the Council of the Navy Records Society, and is a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteers Reserve. He made his very first appearance in print when, as an Eton boy, he wrote to the *Times* to protest against some tasteless restorations which were in progress in the school cloisters. He has been a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, especially during the editorship of Joseph Knight, for the last five-and-twenty years; has written also for the *National Review*, and others of the magazines, has done a great deal of reviewing for several of the leading London newspapers, and is one of the contributors to the "Dictionary of National Biography." He is a rather slow worker, but amply atones for this by being a thorough and painstakingly accurate one.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing a new novel by Mrs. Fred Reynolds. It is entitled "The Horseshoe," and is largely concerned with the life, customs, and quaint beliefs of the Cornish people. To gather knowledge and impressions for this story Mrs. Fred Reynolds has been living for two years in a fisherman's cottage at Sennen Cove, where the last village in England lies under the granite cliffs within a mile of Land's End.

We are always particularly interested in the first book of a new writer, and look forward to the appearance this week of "The Marriage of Quixote." It is a novel of modern life, and its scenes are laid in London and the English countryside. The author, Mr. Donald Pringle Armstrong, was born in Australia but is of Scotch descent, and derives from the stock of that Johnnie Armstrong of the famous ballad. He studied at one of the great English universities, and was a medical student in Edinburgh, and later in London. He has practised literature all his life, but has been in no hurry to publish. In these days,

when the gospel of "push" is becoming wearisomely popular, it is pleasant to hear that Mr. Armstrong had so modest an opinion of his work that he did not rush to offer it for publication before the ink on the last page was dry; he had put it aside with other MSS., but a friend who read it urged him so strongly to give it its chance that he sent it to Mr. Martin Secker, by whom it was promptly accepted.

Few women novelists of our time have enjoyed a larger share of popularity than "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys); nevertheless, Mrs. Humphreys has resolved that for a time, at all events, she will write no more books. "I have climbed up to a certain point on the Hill Difficulty," she says, "and there I stand for a breathing space. I look below and around, and I ask myself 'Cui bono'? A goodly array of work stands behind me. The early books, with their crude ideas of life, their girlish theories of romance, still sell and are still republished. The later ones, those in which the thought and experience of years has been garnered, form another and somewhat different collection. But even as I number the varying editions I realise how poorly one is compensated for such labour. And beside that realisation stands another and more disheartening discovery—how seldom does one's best work achieve recognition or popularity. That is a fact which most authors learn sooner or later. Popular taste is not critical taste. Popularity means an easily caught or sensationally tricked public; it means momentary enthusiasm, quick forgetfulness. If only the best work received the best payment, what a difference there would be in English literature. But alas! the worker must live and support a family, and if a publisher is to succeed I suppose he must keep a strictly business eye in his head. But brains are no enviable asset in the market, for the brain-worker is often the worst paid and most long-suffering of all the paid slaves of humanity."

Photo by Bright's Studio, Bournemouth. **"Rita"**
(Mrs. Desmond Humphreys).

Photo by Bright's Studio, Bournemouth.
"Rita's" Writing-room at "Cliffcot," West Bournemouth.

Which pessimistic assertion Mrs. Humphreys corroborates out of personal experience. "I contrast two of my own books," she says: "'Souls' and 'Calvary.' 'Souls' ran into eleven editions, and still sells, eight years after its first appearance, both at six shillings, three-and-six, and in paper covers at sixpence. 'Calvary' never reached a second

edition, and it is the best book I have ever written. It has brought me numbers of appreciative letters; much appreciative criticism; a wider circle of intellectual friends; but it has been a complete monetary failure. So much for good work! Yet it was worth doing; it was worth suffering for; but when you ask me if it is to have a successor I can only repeat 'Cui bono?'"

"Dame Durden" was the first novel that made the name of "Rita" a household word, and most of the titles of her other fifty novels are equally familiar to the world of readers. Since the publication of "Souls," in 1903, all her books have been included in the Tauchnitz Library. She has a large and enthusiastic public in Australia and South Africa, a satisfactory one in America, and many of her novels have been translated into German, French, and Italian. Though she is writing no fiction since the appearance of her fiftieth novel "Calvary," Mrs. Humphreys has not been idle. She has dramatised her story of "Prince Charming"—one imagines it would make a very delightful comedy—and is engaged on other work for the stage, and says we may expect to see something of hers before the footlights within another year.

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing this month a little volume of mystical poems called "Angels and Symbols," by Mrs. Montgomery, whose first book, "The Rose and the Fire," met with a very favourable reception in 1908.

Messrs. Appleton ask us to state that they have taken over the English and colonial rights in Mr. Robert W. Chambers's novel, "The Tracer of Lost Persons."

"Paul Trent" (Mr. Edward Platt) is a son of the late James Platt of Gloucester, who was Vice-President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. He was educated at Cheltenham College, when he read for the India Civil Service, but had to change his ambition on account of eye trouble, and fell back on the law. However, he never liked this profession, and at twenty-five travelled to the United States and Canada. In Toronto he met Goldwin Smith and that well-known Imperialist Colonel Denison, and his first attempt at writing was to answer in the *Toronto Globe* an article of the latter's which had appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. From America he returned to England, but a cable called him to South Africa, where one of his brothers lay seriously ill. Out there, at Pretoria, he met Kruger, who gave him an interview on his stoep. Going back home again, Mr. Platt married, "which," he says, "was the wisest step of my life, for it is owing to my wife's constant encouragement that I began writing seriously. We lived in Paris for fifteen months, when I did a little work for the *Westminster Gazette*." Later, Mr. Platt received an offer to take up a legal appointment on the West Coast of Africa, and it was after he returned from there that he decided to devote himself to the writing of fiction. Under another name he met with considerable success, writing many serials to order. But this did not satisfy him. He had always determined to write one novel as he wished, and not to suit the ideas of his various editors, and a West African story entitled "A Wife by Purchase" was the result. "However," he says, "in the present state of the book market there is no living for the author who publishes his novels at 6s. only, unless he is one of the first rank, and accordingly I had to return to my 'pot-boiling' serials. But I was still determined to indulge in the luxury of another novel to please myself—and to keep the signature of 'Paul Trent' only for such work."

Photo by Lafayette. **Mr. Edward Platt ("Paul Trent").**
Whose successful novel, "The Vow," has been published by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton.

At the beginning of last year Mr. Platt began to seek a theme for that novel; his best views, he finds, generally come to him when he is in bed.

"It is my custom, when a good idea arrives, to wake up my wife, and tell it to her," he remarks, adding sympathetically, "I may say that she is very patient. As I lay awake one night, it suddenly occurred to me to wonder if a man would have the strength of character to carry out a vow made under emotion. In a flash I had the theme of 'The Vow.' I promptly awoke my wife—got out of bed—drew an armchair up to the fire, lit my pipe, and by half-past three had worked out the details of the story. The next day I wrote the first instalment, which I sent to Leng's of the Sheffield *Weekly Telegraph*—I had already had correspondence with them, as to a story, but had refused to do any work except on commission. Within a week I had a letter asking me to go to Sheffield to see them. I returned with a commission for 'The Vow,' and a second story at an increased price. 'The Vow' ran serially in the *Weekly Telegraph*, and a good deal of money was spent in advertising it. Within a few weeks of the typescript reaching the United States I had a contract from the Frederick Stokes Publishing Co. for the publication of the book. In a letter I recently received from them they say as follows: 'It was the central theme of your book which attracted us. There have been stories about people who have made vows under stress of emotion and have kept them, but we could not recollect any story in which the main character kept his vow in the way John Gaunt did. There is no immediate change in his disposition, he remains the same relentless man of blood and iron he was before, and proceeds to keep his promise in much the same way he formerly put through his questionable financial deals.'"

Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart
(Author of "The Circular Staircase"), whose new detective story, "The Window at the White Cat," has just been published in Mr. Eveleigh Nash's 2s. Novel series.

Photo by H. Walter Barnett, Knightsbridge. **Mr. P. G. Konody.**
Whose new book, "Through the Alps to the Apennines," Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing.

We have received from Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Fitzwilliam Elliot a long letter traversing Mr. W. S. Crockett's review of his "Further Essays on Border Ballads" in our March number. We forwarded this to Mr. Crockett, who returned it with an equally long letter, quoting passages from this and Colonel Elliot's former volume which had led him to the opinions he expressed. As the two letters would have occupied some two pages of our space, we sent both to Colonel Elliot, suggesting that as it was quite clear Mr. Crockett had, at least, written a reasoned and honest criticism, there seemed no need to publish these letters, especially as we could not spare so much space for them. Colonel Elliot still wished his letter to appear and condensed it as below for that purpose, but sent us a further letter a column in length in reply to Mr. Crockett's, consequently we were not much better off than before. In these circumstances we print Colonel Elliot's letter with pleasure, and shall rely on Mr. Crockett's forgiving us for omitting his answer.

"*To the Editor of* THE BOOKMAN.

"SIR,—

"In your March issue the Rev. W. S. Crockett says (1) that I have 'written a couple of volumes to prove, or to make an attempt at proving, that Scott practically forged' some of the Border Ballads—this statement is incorrect; (2) that I affirm 'Jamie Telfer' to 'be a purely modern composition'—I have always maintained practically the reverse; (3) that I have

said Scott 'penned large portions of "Otterburne"'—I never said any such thing.

"Yours faithfully, FITZWILLIAM ELLIOT.

"P.S.—I trust my curtness will not be thought discourteous; it is due, as you are aware, to your inability to find space in your next issue for a longer letter previously addressed to you."

Messrs. Methuen have commenced the publication of an excellent shilling series of popular books by distinguished authors. The first two volumes are "Jane," by Marie Corelli, and Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis." The volumes are well printed on good paper, and tastefully bound in cloth. Among the earlier works to be included in the series are Graham Balfour's "Life of Stevenson," Collingwood's "Life of Ruskin," the "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," and some of the best novels by living authors.

Yet another new and admirable series is the "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge," which Messrs. Williams & Norgate are publishing. But these are not reprints; they are a series of new books specially written by acknowledged authorities, under the general editorship of Mr. Herbert Fisher and Professors Gilbert Murray and J. Arthur Thomson. They are well and clearly printed, and tastefully bound in a size that is handy for the pocket, and at a shilling net each they are certainly a miracle of cheapness. The first ten volumes have now appeared, and make a first-rate beginning of a first-rate programme. We deal at length, elsewhere, with two of them, and hope to give attention to others of them later.

For much assistance with the illustrations in this number we are indebted to the courtesy and kindness of the Trustees of the British Museum, Mr. Henry Frowde, Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Dent, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Mr. John Murray, Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, and Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AND ELLEN TERRY.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN paid the following charming tribute to Ellen Terry at one of the farewell dinners given to her in New York:

We are saying good-bye to that elixir of sunbeams labelled by her parents Ellen Terry. She is going home to England. Her heart may be beating with anticipation, but her American friends will miss her sadly. I confess that a country having ninety-five millions of people and no Ellen Terry in it seems a foolish sort of a place, a little dull and not quite well furnished. Going home! Do you remember that scene in "The Vicar of Wakefield" where Olivia, after her lover leaves her, is waiting alone in the coffee-room of the old inn? Do you remember the oak bench against the wall and the map of England hanging over it? Then you will recall the beautiful moment when this Olivia (was there ever another?) used to float across the width of the room, alight on the bench and point with a happy finger to that sheltered, that forgiving, that protecting spot on the map which stood for home. No one who saw it could ever forget it. Was it a wave of the sea, a bird on a bough, a butterfly on a bending lily stalk? Did muscles that move the ordinary being carry her through space? Such loveliness does not stop at the eye, its eloquence ravishes the senses, and it touches the heart like some perfect line of Keats or Shelley.

"She walks in beauty like the night" might have been said of every one of the matchless women in Ellen Terry's portrait gallery. We too seldom say it nowadays, alas! for the raiment prescribed in modern drama altogether forbids "walking in beauty." The "poetry of motion" is fast becoming hobbled prose!

As an impersonator of Shakespeare's women, if Miss Terry was not that immovable post, perfection, she was "a dancing sprig of the tree growing beside it." She was a reed through which all things blew into music. I have never made up my mind which was the more potent quality in her Juliet, her Viola, her Beatrice, or her Portia: was it art, or was it *heart*? Mere intellect, histrionic ambition, fine technique, could never have produced these women: they could only have been conceived in love.

She always made me think of Wordsworth's Nightingale. There are plenty of actresses to essay the "Stockdove" in the poem, but few "earth-born, Heaven-fallen stars" to play the "Nightingale," that "creature of ebullient heart" who

> "Sang as if the god of wine
> Had helped him to a valentine."

Miss Terry's art was never dazzling, like the diamond. It was a lovable, luminous, iridescent thing, compounded of sunshine and dew, with an invisible fountain playing somewhere that kept everything cool and sweet and fresh. There was nothing cut and dried, nothing academic about it; it seemed all radiant spontaneity. It had in it the essence of the bubble and the rainbow, and of all things filmy and fair.

In this wise I set down my little tribute of love and fealty this afternoon, and when I saw the words written in black and white I was suddenly overcome with a sense of their banality and futility. Into this mood came the suggestion of a friend—not at all like healing balm—rather like the prick of a spur, and here it is,

in rhyme most informal. (In the presence of authentic poets it's safest to be informal !)

SUPEREROGATION.

One morning when snow had been falling all night,
Walking out after breakfast I saw an odd sight—
A grave-looking man somewhat strangely equipped
With a pot of white paint and a brush, which he dipped
In the paint very often, and swept to and fro,
In the hope—he assured me—of whitening the snow.

A day or two after I met on the strand
A lady who carried a bag in her hand—
A bag full of salt which, she told me, she shook
From the tails of the birds that her gardener took :
"And I need every grain I can get," added she,
"For the purpose of properly salting the sea."

One Midsummer Day when the sun in the skies
Was shining superbly and blinding men's eyes,
I found a small boy with twelve tapers a-row,
And twelve polished mirrors poised neatly below,
Who asked my approval for what he had done
With the praiseworthy object of brightening the sun.

So, by devious ways I arrive at my goal,
For these tasks so superfluous, seen on my stroll—
This of whitening the snow, this of salting the sea,
This of brightening the sun when 'twas bright as could be—
This plating fine gold or this reddening the cherry
Is precisely like trying to praise Ellen Terry !

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1 to June 1, 1911.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons.

COX, J. CHARLES.—The County Churches of Norfolk. Second Revised Edition. 2 vols. 3s. net each.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

PEALBY, J. J.—Fruit-Ranching in British Columbia. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
FABRE, J. H.—The Life and Lore of the Insect. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. 5s. net.
HOME, GORDON.—The Motor Routes of England : Western Section. 5s. net.
RUTTER, WILLIAM P.—Wheat-Growing in Canada, the United States, and the Argentine. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

CRAWFORD, ALEXANDER.—Kapak. 6s.
DURAND, SIR H. MORTIMER, G.C.M.G.—A Holiday in South Africa. 6s. net.
FITZGERALD, J. Z.—Ruth Werdress, Father O'Haralan, and Some New Christians. 6s.
HOBART-HAMPDEN, E.—The Price of Empire. 6s.
LANG, ANDREW.—A Short History of Scotland. 5s. net.
MACRAE, J. A.—For Kirk and King. 6s.
SAINTSBURY, GEORGE.—A History of English Criticism. 7s. 6d. net.
SIMPSON, VIOLET A.—In Fancy's Mirror. 6s.
WEIGALL, A. E. P.—The Treasury of Ancient Egypt : Chapters on Ancient Egyptian History and Archæology. 7s. 6d. net.
WILSON, LADY.—Letters from India.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

GERARD, MORICE.—Under the Red Star. 6d.
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Jesuit. 3s. 6d.
HOCKING, SILAS.—The Third Man. 3s. 6d.
HOENSBROECH, COUNT.—Fourteen Years a Jesuit. 25s. net.
MARSH, RICHARD.—Twin Sisters. 6s.
SHAW, CAPT. FRANK.—A Daughter of the Storm. 1s. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
COURTNEY, W. L.—In Search of Egeria. 6s.
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Bleak House. 2 Vols. Edwin Drood. 1 Vol. Centenary Edition. 3s. 6d. per vol.
DRURY, MAJOR W. P.—Long Bow and Broad Arrow. 3s. 6d.
DRURY, MAJOR W. P.—Men at Arms. The Shadow on the Quarterdeck. The Tadpole of an Archangel. The Passing of the Flagship. 2s. net each.
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Horseshoe. 6s.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Garden of Resurrection : Being the Love Story of an Ugly Man. 6s.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

DEAN, REV. J. T., M.A.—Visions and Revelations : Discourses on the Apocalypse.
HASTINGS, REV. JAMES, D.D. (Edited by).—The Great Texts of the Bible. Vol. III. Genesis—Numbers. Vol. IV. Acts and Romans i.–viii.
MACPHAIL, REV. S. R., D.D. Liverpool.—Colossians. (Handbooks for Bible Classes.)
ROBERTSON, RT. REV. ARCHIBALD, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, and REV. ALFRED PLUMMER, M.A., D.D. Oxford.—Corinthians. (International Critical Commentary).
ROBINSON, PROF. H. WHEELER, M.A. Leeds.—The Christian Doctrine of Man.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

BRAY, S. E., M.A.—School Organisation. Second Edition, Enlarged.
CARTER, M. E.—School History of England. 3s. 6d.
COLLINGS, A. J. F., M.A.—Shakespeare : Henry V. (Tutorial Shakespeare.) 2s.
MOFFATT, C. W. PAGET, M.A.—Science French Course. 3s. 6d.
STEWART, R. W., D.Sc., and JOHN SATTERLY, D.Sc., B.A.—A Text-book of Heat, Theoretical and Practical. (Suitable for Intermediate University Examinations.)

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

BAKER, FREDERICK CHARLES.—Here and Hereafter. 1s. net.
CALL, ANNIE PAYSON.—Everyday Living. 4s. 6d. net.
PANKHURST, SYLVIA.—The Suffragette. 6s. net.
PITFIELD, MRS. ADA.—The Silence of Gray's Inn. 6s.
POCOCK, ROGER.—A Frontiersman. 1s. net.
WHITING, LILIAN.—Life Transfigured. 4s. 6d. net.
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS.—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. 1s. net.
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—Are You Alive ? 4s. 6d. net.
A Satchel Guide to Europe. 6s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

BRYANT, SARAH CONE.—Stories to Tell to Children. 2s. 6d. net.
CHAPPLE, DR. W. A., M.P.—How to Impress the Evils of Alcohol upon the Young. 1s. 6d. net.
CUSHMAN, HERBERT E., M.A.—Beginners' History of Philosophy. I. and II. 6s. each.
DOOLEY, WILLIAM H.—Textiles. 3s. 6d.
ELIAS, EDITH L., M.A.—The Stewart Twins. 1s. 6d. net ; 2s. 6d. net Prize Edition.
GRIFFIS, D. D., and WILLIAM ELLIOTT.—Fairy Tales of Old Japan. 5s. net.
KELLOW, H. A., M.A.—A Practical Training in English. 2s. 6d.
LE ROSSIGNOL, J. E., and W. D. STEWART.—State Socialism in New Zealand. 5s. net.
PITMAN, NORMAN H.—Chinese Fairy Stories. 5s. net.
THOREAU, HENRY D.—Walden. 7s. 6d.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

BARLOW, JANE.—Flaws. 6s.
DEGROOT, J. MORGAN.—The Hand of Venus. 6s.
DE VERE STACPOOLE, H.—The Ship of Coral. 6s.
DIVER, MAUD.—Lilamani. 6s.
KASSNER, THEO., F.R.G.S.—From Rhodesia to Egypt. 12s. 6d. net.
ROSS, JOHN DILL.—Sixty Years' Life and Adventure in the Far East. 2 Vols. 3 Photogravure Plates, 20 other Illustrations. 24s. net.
TAYLOR, J. H.—Taylor on Golf. New Edition. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

JACK, FLORENCE B., and RITA STRAUSS.—The Woman's Book. 3s. 6d. net and 5s. net.
MACFALL, C. HALDANE.—History of Painting. Vol. IV. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

ADAMS, MRS. LEITH.—Bonnie Kate. 1s. net.
BARTON, FRANK TOWNEND, M.R.C.V.S.—Horses and Practical Horse Keeping. With upwards of 600 Pages and 100 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

FIELD, EUGENE.—The Poems of Eugene Field. Complete Edition. With Photogravure of Author. 10s. 6d. net.
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He was born in 1877, and educated at Dulwich College. He left school early, spent two years in the workshops of a big firm of electrical engineers, and then the wander-thirst gripped him. Before his eighteenth birthday he watched, from the fo'c's'le of a windjammer, the silver crescent of the moon rising above Sydney Heads. He spent a fortnight in the New South Wales capital, which abounded then not only in larrikins but in fan-tan shops, where all day one heard "those gruesome, horrible claws," the long nails of the Chinese croupier, scratching over the matting as he raked in the lost money, or watched the concentrated spite on his face as he paid out to an unusually successful gambler. Thereafter Mr. Hyatt got a berth in a big sheep station some four hundred miles up-country. It was a magnificent place, splendidly maintained and splendidly stocked, but even so far from the coast he found little suggestion of the back-blocks, and no hint at all of the Australia of the novelist. He was not sorry to cut loose and drift down again to Sydney, even though he reached the coast with two pounds in his pocket and but a meagre chance of earning more. A fortnight of loafing varied by daily visits to the cheapest of cheap eating-houses saw the end of his capital, whereupon his first dress suit, pride of its owner's heart, passed into the hands of a little Jew in Argyll Street for a recompense of ten shillings. Then his luck turned, and somebody gave him an engineering job of sorts. Even that filtered out ere long, and our young emigrant, not yet nineteen, cabled home for money, and shook the dust of Australia from his shoes in digsust.

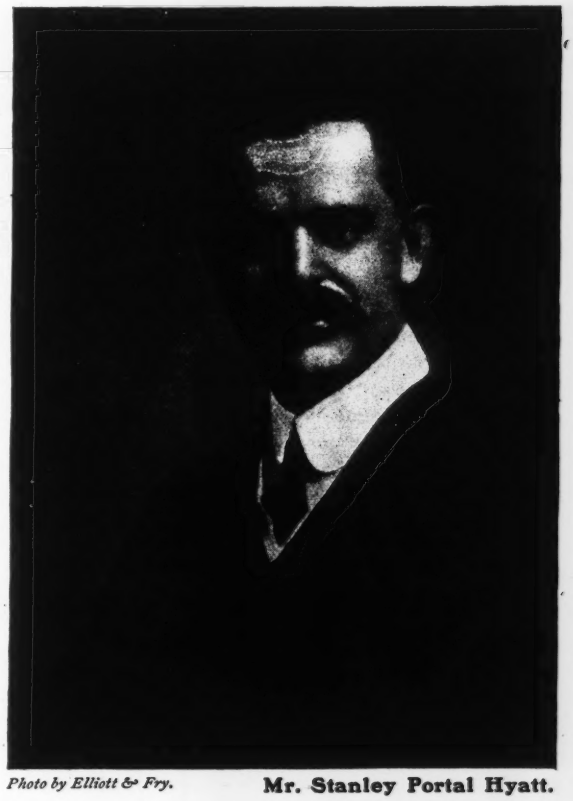

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt.**

Mr. Hyatt was to spend eighteen months at home, a period devoted mainly to a newly acquired craze for inventing things. By the end of that time the nation was the richer to the extent of protection fees on five epoch-making inventions, to the value of which it displayed an utterly callous indifference. These included a camera, a bicycle brake, a steam engine valve, an arrangement for glazing the windows of railway carriages, and, lastly, a paraffin lamp that could be used with the incandescent mantle. He and one of his brothers worked on that together, and they had a company promoter ready to float it—when it was ready. They grew quite used to fires during the experiments. They kept a box of sand at the end of the bench, and every time the lamp burst this would be emptied over the blaze. There was no denying that the apparatus worked. When the atmospheric conditions were right, or when the thing was in a good humour, the light would be far brighter than that obtainable from coal gas; but at other times it poured out volumes of thick, black smoke, or, in default, blew the mantle to pieces. They never succeeded in getting an automatic adjustment, and ultimately lost about a hundred pounds over the scheme.

Then Mr. Hyatt and his brother signed contracts to go out to Matabeleland for two years. The end of the second Matabele War was practically in sight, the dawn of prosperity seemed to be coming, and the country was being opened up in earnest. The Geelong mine, whose staff the two brothers were to join, was to be the first mine in Rhodesia actually to produce gold. After initial hardships enough to have sent the average raw youth homing back to the flesh-pots of civilisation without loss of time, they reached the mine itself. The difficulties before them were infinitely worse. I must leave those who require a detailed exposition of them to the vivid pages of "A Soldier of Fortune." Here is just one picture:

"We were told to start at dawn, and to follow a cart spoor to the Tuli, where we were to await the waggons. No white man ever carries a pack in Africa, even a seasoned old prospector will not try it, yet we had to take rifles, blankets, food, and water—and we had been little more than three weeks on the veld. Moreover, there were no water bags, and we had to be content with vulcanite bottles holding a pint each. We, my brother and myself, got on about five miles without a drink; then we opened his water bottle, to find that, whilst it had been hanging on the back rail of the waggon, some one had stolen half its contents. We got along another five miles fairly well; but the weight of our packs and rifles, and the heavy sand underfoot, was telling. It was about ten o'clock then,

and the thirst began. Our pace was slackening down, and by midday we had added only a couple of miles, and, though we had fought hard against the temptation, the water bottles were empty. There were eight miles more to do, theoretically, really about twelve, the most ghastly trek of my life. We had to go on; we had to stick to our packs and rifles, and yet, with every step, the pain of the thirst increased. We were done, and that was the main trouble; yet even an experienced man would have found it hard going under the conditions. By three o'clock the pain had become positive agony. I would have killed a man for a drink then. We stuck to it, just because we had to, because the only chance of relief was the water ahead. At about the sixteenth mile we came on another youngster who had started before us—the way we went off, in ones and twos, shows how raw we were—he was lying down, sobbing, and I remember well the job it was to make him get up and come along. . . . The water of the Tuli river, I can taste it still. It was the first clean water we had drunk since leaving the mail steamer at Port Elizabeth."

Ultimately both brothers left the mine, and sallied out into entirely unknown country on a big-game shooting expedition. They met with adventure in plenty, and in the free, open, healthy life they now enjoyed they found themselves happy for the first time in Africa. Mr. Hyatt's brother Malcolm was soon to leave him and go back to mining, but another brother took his place, and the two wandered over the new districts of South Africa that the late war had made possible of access, cattle-breeding, transport-riding, and trading, and in general attaining a measurable degree of worldly prosperity. They even tried rubber-planting, but the attempt was rendered abortive by a calamity that was to blast the financial prospects of the partnership. The sick fever descended on the whole of South Africa like a destroying angel. Able official management might have held the horror in check, but it was not forthcoming, and the end came quickly. The oxen, those gallant, faithful beasts that they had trained themselves and which had served them so well, died by the roadside and were eaten by the foul hyænas. Their waggons, which alone represented nearly four hundred pounds, were abandoned on the road beside the dead cattle; their stores, filled with various merchandise, were left for the Kaffirs to loot. The Portuguese had given them a provisional concession for a rubber area, but now they had no capital to pay the cost of survey and title, still less to work it, so in the end they lost that too. They lost, in fact, everything, all the fruits of years of danger, of fever, and hard work. They just paid their debts, and thereafterward had nothing remaining that had been acquired in Rhodesia save badly damaged constitutions.

The brothers tried their luck again in various directions, with unfailing ill-success. Their schemes included a non-productive application to the Emperor of the Sahara, then at the zenith of his fame, and a suggestion to divers proprietors of quack remedies that the two should journey from the Cape to Cairo as an advertisement for their commodities, which fell likewise very flat. As Mr. Hyatt suggests: "The people we approached had no enterprise about them." It was really the maddest scheme of all that was adopted. They started to go round the world literally on nothing, save the potential assets of alleged accomplishments. One brother could play the banjo, the other could write newspaper articles, and both could lecture, or thought they could. And in a sense they succeeded, till tragedy came and dissolved the partnership for ever. From Durban to Mauritius, from Mauritius to Ceylon and Southern India, thence on to Penang, Singapore, and Manila, they sailed ever eastwards, generally, it may be noted, rubbing shoulders with coolies, niggers, and Chinamen, as deck passengers. They got back to Manila in safety, and had already planned a blockade-running expedition to Vladivostock when Amyas Hyatt caught anthrax. He died in three days. That tragedy closed one chapter in the surviving brother's life. After a few months of aimless wandering he came home to England, "only twenty-eight in point of years, but middle-aged in reality, penniless, disappointed, weary, a broken man."

The bottom having apparently fallen out of other things, Mr. Hyatt took to writing, first newspaper articles, and then books. Yet, as he has said himself, he is not in the least degree literary—"I have never got through a Meredith book yet." The list of things that he detests is peculiar and extensive. It includes Browning, "everything Victorian," Socialism, State Education, Old Age Pensions, anything which militates against the Law of the Survival of the Fittest, All Political Parties, Art for Art's Sake, Rand Financiers, Municipal Politicians, Missionaries, and Sea-poets.

His published works include "Marcus Hay" (Constable), 1907; "The Little Brown Brother" (Constable, and H. Holt & Co., U.S.A.), 1908; "The Marriage of Hilary Carden" (Laurie, and Appletons, U.S.A.) 1909; "The Northward Trek" and "Biffel, a Trek-Ox," (Melrose), 1909; "Black Sheep" (Laurie, and T. Wessells Co., U.S.A.), 1910; and "The Diary of a Soldier of Fortune" (Laurie, 1910). Three of his books have been taken by the *Daily Mail* for its sixpenny series. His new story of South African life, "The Land of Promises," a grim and rather pessimistic story of existing conditions in the colony, is just published by Mr. Werner Laurie, and a new book of reminiscences, "Off the Main Track," is announced by the same publisher. It is to be rather a book of impressions than one of autobiography, though it contains many stories of big-game shooting.

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THE READER.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

By Thomas Seccombe.

THE English Bible was in the plenitude of its power two hundred and fifty years ago. The letters of Cromwell, the ruler of the land, were then saturated with it. The Holy Book governs the thought and the style of the greatest writers, such as Milton and Taylor, Bunyan and Baxter. And in evangelical England of sixty or seventy years ago, after some vicissitudes, its power would hardly seem to have sensibly declined. In numberless households then credence would have been fully given to the story in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers, where the children of Israel found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath Day and brought him to Moses and Aaron, "And the Lord said unto Moses, The man shall bee surely put to death: all the Congregation shall stone him with stones without the campe. . . . And all the Cõgregation brought him without the campe and stoned him with stones, and he died, as the Lord commanded Moses." People then, many of them, would have regarded this, not as a stern but perhaps necessary example to blacklegs, or as a true picture of the intolerance salutary in early forms of society, but as the inspired and unalterable decision of an implacable, omnipotent Sovereign. There were people innumerable to whom the Bible was the book, the good book, the one book. Everything in it was sacred in a perfectly supernatural way. Old people and poor widows were always on view with the Bible before them. Not to have the Bible immediately at hand was something of a scandal. One moved in an atmosphere of gratuitous Bibles. They were never bought, but lavishly showered upon one. Railway waiting-rooms, inn bedrooms, and even club bedrooms were provided with them. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to "The Bride of Lammermoor," tells the story of how, in a Teviotdale family of distinction attached to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put in the sleeping apartment of each guest along with a bottle of strong ale. Upon occasion there was a meeting of clergymen near the castle, all of whom were invited by the owner to dinner, while several of them abode all night. Seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large dorter, used upon such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. After a short consultation among themselves, they recalled this retainer as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said the most venerable of the guests, "you must know that, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest; only one Bible, therefore, is necessary: take away the other six and in their place bring six more bottles of strong ale." The Bible was *de rigueur* upon a journey, and Bishop Stubbs was a daring innovator indeed when he declared that, as a travel-companion, he preferred Bradshaw. As a valid argument, of course, a text from the Bible was absolutely unanswerable until it could be met and vanquished by another text of a diametrically opposite sense. The reader will remember the scene in Charles Moritz's "Travels in England," of 1795, where an Oxford club of clergymen drinking in a night-tavern are reduced to absolute dumbness by an obstreperous member who offers to prove from Holy Writ that God was a wine-bibber. "Waiter, fetch a Bible," he shouted. A huge family Bible was immediately brought in and opened on the table among the beer-jugs. From Judges (ix. 13) Mr. Clerk then read, "Should I leave my wine, which cheareth God and Man?" whereupon Mr. Maud and his friend, who had before been most violent, now sat as if struck dumb. It is useless to seek for further illustrations. There have been times (the present is hardly one of them) when the English Bible has been regarded as a Book of Magic, as self-sufficing as the Koran to the Mussulman, each verse a talisman.

John Wiclif, 1320—1384.
His translation of the New and Old Testaments was the first English Bible.

These times began, historically speaking, in the reign of Henry VIII. Before that time the English people, as a whole, knew and cared little about the Bible. In

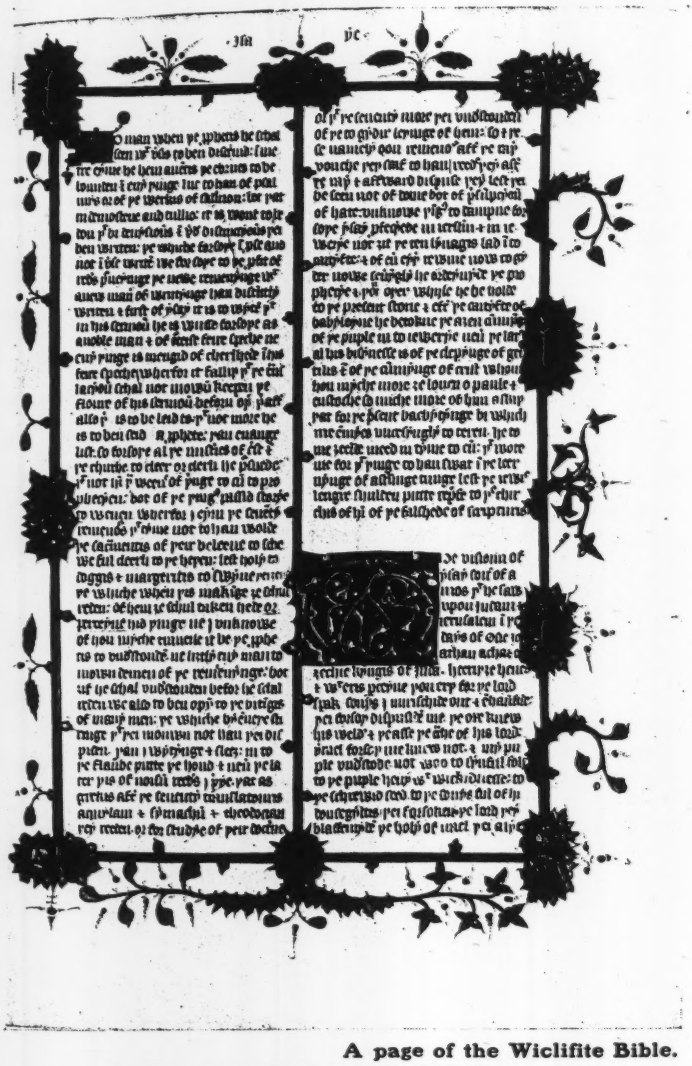
1537 the Bible was first published, and in the course of the three generations that followed the great body of the people forsook their old idol, the Mass, and set up the Bible in its stead.

One meant Canterbury, Lincoln, Durham, Glastonbury, and St. Albans—together with a very laxly assumed conformity on the part of all Christendom; the other meant the Authorised Version at the end of a long vista of preparatory works of translation, and the gradual sapping of all conformity, first internal and then external, by Protestant variations.

In the zenith of its influence, after saving Christendom from the tyranny of brute force unqualified, the Church had become highly centralised, bureaucratic, rich, corrupt, and aggressive. The civil power, among other means of resisting its encroachments, found its account in encouraging the researches of such men as Marsiglio of Padua, Occam, and Wiclif among the divine trust-deeds upon which the Church avowedly reposed its claim to supreme authority. Wiclif's conclusions, hostile at every point to papal pretensions, were accepted and adopted as a national watchword against a religious authority imposed from over the sea, from beyond the mountains. The Bible became the beacon of oppressed nationalistie. But kings and bishops set their heads together. Conservatism seemed a far safer game than revolution; and one hundred and fifty years elapsed during which the Bible lost more than it had gained. Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester, in his "Repressor of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy," specifically attacked the Bible-worship of the Lollards and their sympathisers as unedifying.

The Lollards, he maintained, had exalted the Bible into a fetish; they deemed it a book intelligible by simple folk, and treated it foolishly as a treasury of irrefutable arguments. He pointed out that morals depended for their sanction, not upon Scripture, but upon Reason. The Bible alone could save no man. No man could arrive at truth by exclusive study of the Bible—a difficult book, the right interpreters of which were two, namely, experience and intellect. Mere goodness could not qualify a layman to understand or even profitably to read the Bible. The New Testament was as dangerous for the unlearned as the Old; untrained men would always be liable to the erroneous notion that the New Testament was intended to supersede the regular code of morals, whereas, as a matter of fact, its purport merely was to replace the old ceremonial law by a dispensation of sacraments. So argued Pecock, and although his rationalism terrified the cowardly prelates of England, it met with appreciation in the highest quarters, and it fairly represented the view taken by enlightened Catholics as to the dangers involved in a free and promiscuous use of a vernacular Bible.

During the fifteenth century, however, a very important change came over the landscape of Christendom. The growth of maritime discovery, oceanic trade, industry, commerce, and invention pointed the way to larger aggregates than those of the Middle Ages. The age of the independent princes, dukes, and greater barons was passing away. Kings of a new breed were amalgamating principalities and rallying the new nations. Most of them forsook the old alliance with Pope and prelates (many of them absentees) and became converts to the jealous national point of view which regarded with increasing envy and suspicion the monopolies of churchmen—immunities, wealth, power. Most of them turned for aid in behalf of the nascent absolutism to the new ideas and new forces in religion. Some found the dangers of such alliance too great. The French kings, for instance, after dallying with the new ideas, found that the threatened break-up of France into two warring systems was too heavy a price to pay. After a century of unrest the French crown found a temporary haven in a wide scheme of toleration. The Spanish



A page of the Wiclifite Bible.

By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.

William Tyndale.
Translator of the English New Testament, published 1526.

monarchy discovered, in a royal Inquisition, a more effectual instrument than Protestantism itself for nationalising the religion of the peninsula. The Scots princes were almost bound to oppose a method which the English princes had adopted. The German princes, however, the Dutch, the Genevans, the Danes, the Bohemians found in Protestantism exactly what they wanted. The English kings disliked continental Protestantism, with which they saw that their peoples had little or no sympathy. The force of circumstances went far to compel the English crown to play the vernacular Bible against the Church Universal. The Tudors were too well planted to apprehend any democratic influences implicit in the book; they were too well used to pliancy in religious beliefs to anticipate a stiff-necked generation of Bible Puritans. By 1530 there was a growing demand in this country for an English Bible. Convocation went so far as to petition Henry in this sense in 1534. Yet there seemed little hope that, within two years of Tyndale's revision of that year and his martyrdom of 1535, the English Bible would have been let loose and made open, for Henry heartily detested Tyndale, not merely as a heretic but also as a denouncer of the divorce. Cromwell met the objection by being ready with a new translation, inspired by Tyndale but variant in more directions than one. It was, in the first place, a complete Bible; it was not based upon independent study of the original tongues, but was rather a paraphrase from existing English, German, and Latin versions; and, thirdly, it discarded the contentious commentary which had rendered Tyndale obnoxious to conservative consciences. Coverdale's translation, so far as it is his, lacks the masculine property peculiar to the pilot work of Tyndale; but it is held to possess a more flexible and musical rhythm. His disposition may be indicated, in some sort, by the fact that he introduced the expressions "loving kindness" and "tender mercy" into the language. These two phrases alone have had a distinctive influence upon English Christianity. The Coverdale version was set forth with the king's most gracious licence in 1537. Almost simultaneously appeared a completion of Tyndale by the apostle's disciple and apprentice J[ohn] R[ogers], who was himself to dree his weird at Smithfield in 1555. Two-thirds of this Bible was the arch-heretic Tyndale's own work. Yet Henry now declared that this was the best translation he had yet seen! Cromwell and Cranmer, it seems, had submitted it to the Supreme Head with an air of bland confidence, and Henry, little suspecting its Protestant pungency, licensed it without a murmur, though its prototype, Tyndale's revision, had been denounced and burnt at Paul's Cross within fifteen months of this auspicious publication.

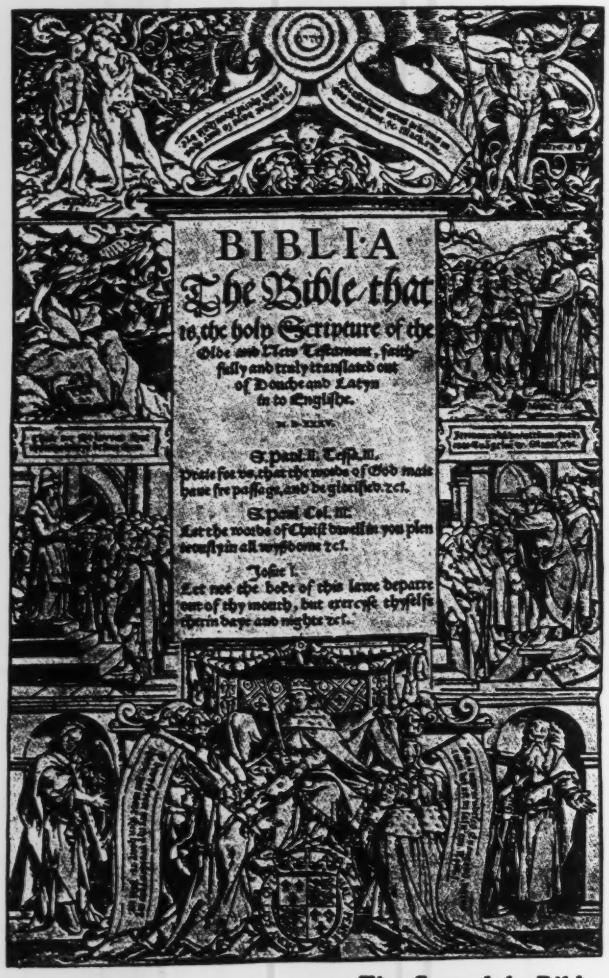
This Rogers-Tyndale version, known as the "Matthew" Bible from the patron who financed it, is important as forming, with the Geneva Bible, one of the two chief pillars of the Authorised Version of 1611. The Great Bible and Taverner's version are little more than revisions of it. The first, under the care of Coverdale, appeared in 1539 as a Bible of "the largest volume," in black letter without notes or dedication, but with a frontispiece designed by Holbein representing Henry VIII. enjoying the radiance of the Saviour and handing the Bible on the one side to Cranmer and the clergy, on the other to Cromwell and the nobles. Cranmer wrote a preface to the second edition of this authorised version in 1540; hence it is often called Cranmer's, and it is the Bible from which our present Prayer-book Psalter is drawn and the Bible of which a copy was so warmly embraced by Elizabeth upon her

Miles Coverdale.
Sometime Tyndale's assistant, who completed the translation of the Bible after Tyndale's arrest and published it in 1535.

accession in 1558. The process of Bible revision is thus seen to have been characteristic of the English Reformation. Having no special apostle of Reform like Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, or Knox, the English made the Bible their leader. The monarchy favoured the idea, which helped on every side to stimulate the zeal of the Biblicists.

Between 1540 and 1611 the most important revision, as regards the Old Testament, was the Geneva version, the scholarship and collation with Hebrew originals in which was supplied by the Marian exiles. This was the first Bible uniformly divided into verses. Its handy size, Puritan colouring, and, above all, the fact that it was printed in roman type (in place of the old black-letter) gave it a great advantage. Parker sought to supplant it by a fresh authorised revision, the "Bishop's Bible" of 1568, which contained the best version of the New Testament into English yet extant. As in most co-operative works, however, not subjected to a most exhaustive editorial supervision, the result proved very uneven. Hence the Bishop's Bible, in spite of its superb folio, portraits of the Queen, Leicester, and Burleigh, and its engravings, never proved itself a serious rival to the Geneva.

The only noteworthy incident of translation between 1568, when the Great Bible ceased to be printed, and 1611 was the issue of the Anglo-Romanist version of 1582 (the New Testament was published in 1582 at Rheims, the Old Testament was delayed for twenty-eight years owing to lack of funds). The notes of this were the most aggressively sectarian that had yet seen the light. It was a highly Latinised version, and its chief merit is that it represents uncompromising fidelity to the Vulgate. The Vulgate itself, though it was transformed a good deal in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, must always rank as one of the foremost feats of Biblical translation. It is a wonderful thing that a single monk of the West in the fourth century should have been able, in his cell at Bethlehem, to carry through an undertaking of such magnitude, involving a translation of the Old Testament direct from the Hebrew and a revision, by the aid of Greek manuscripts, of the pre-existing Latin versions of the New Testament. Jerome modestly called his work only a revision of the old African Latin Bible; but it remains the source from which the Church has drawn the lion's share of its ecclesiastical vocabulary. Latinistic as the Rheims-Douai edition was, its locutions seem to have attracted the attention of the Revisers of 1611. Ever anxious to embalm a good old word in the amber of the Book of Life, King James's Boards often sacrificed uniformity to this antiquarian tenderness for an obsolete substantive in distress. Their version is thus a living picture, not of the language current in 1611, but of TudorEnglish as a whole from 1530 to 1608.


BIBLIA
The Bible that
is, the holy Scripture of the
Olde and Newe Testament, faith-
fully and truly translated out
of Douche and Latyn
in to Englishe.
M. D. XXXV.
S. Paul. II. Tessa. III.
Pray for us, that the worde of God may
have free passage, and be glorified, &c.
S. Paul. Col. III.
Let the worde of Christ dwell in you plen-
teously in all wysdome, &c.
Josue I.
Let not the boke of this lawe departe
out of thy mouth, but exercyse thyselfe
therin daye and nyghte, &c.

The Coverdale Bible.
By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.

The Coverdale Testament.
Queen Elizabeth's superscription and signature from the copy that belonged to her.

The story of the last revision has been told very fully during the past month in a large number of issues brought out expressly to celebrate the 300th centenary of this famous revision.

The plan of dividing the work among six Boards, two representing Oxford, two Cambridge, and two the Capital, seems to have originated from the English sovereign himself, and was a great improvement on Archbishop Parker's plan—sorting the whole Bible

into parcels, and distributing these parcels among bishops and other learned men. The general instructions given to the Boards were that they were to go to work on thoroughly conservative lines, that they were to revise each other's work, that their revised work was to go to be finally reviewed before six delegates—two from Westminster, two from Cambridge, and two from Oxford—and that the work was finally to be ratified by the royal authority. The best means of testing how they accomplished their task is supplied by "The Holy Bible," an exact reprint in roman type, page for page, of the Authorised Version, published in the year 1611, with the reprint of the translators' Preface to the Reader, and with the scholarly Introduction by Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum. With these should be studied "Records of the English Bible," being the documents relating to the translation and publication of the Bible in English from 1525 to 1611, also edited by Mr. Pollard, and furnishing a full documentary account of the long story of authorisation, translation, and revision, together with minor questions of price, copyright, privilege, and licence. Both these works are published by the Oxford University Press. They may be advantageously supplemented by a perusal of Professor Cook's "Authorised Version of the Bible and its Influence," a short but well-weighed summary published by Putnam, and by two opportunely issued volumes emanating from Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.—"Testimonies to the Book" (a most useful though necessarily very incomplete collection), by Frederick Sherlock, and "The English Bible, an Historical Survey," by Julius D. Payne; the survey is compendious and generally accurate, though the author is in serious error when he states that, up to the reign of Henry V., Lollardy was regarded as inoffensive—for Henry V. we should read Henry IV.

Tyndale translating the Bible.
After the painting by Johnstone.

We have reserved what is perhaps the greatest bargain of all to the last—that is Mr. H. W. Hoare's "Our English Bible, the Story of its Origin and Growth," a most able and stimulating summary of 330 pages, which has been reissued by Mr. Murray at the very moderate price of 1s., from the second edition of the author's "Evolution of the English Bible." No one who is interested in the subject should fail to obtain and peruse this admirably written and fair-minded narrative, while, in order to control all bibliographical details, they will refer scrupulously to the latest discoveries of Mr. Pollard as embodied in his learned Introductions.

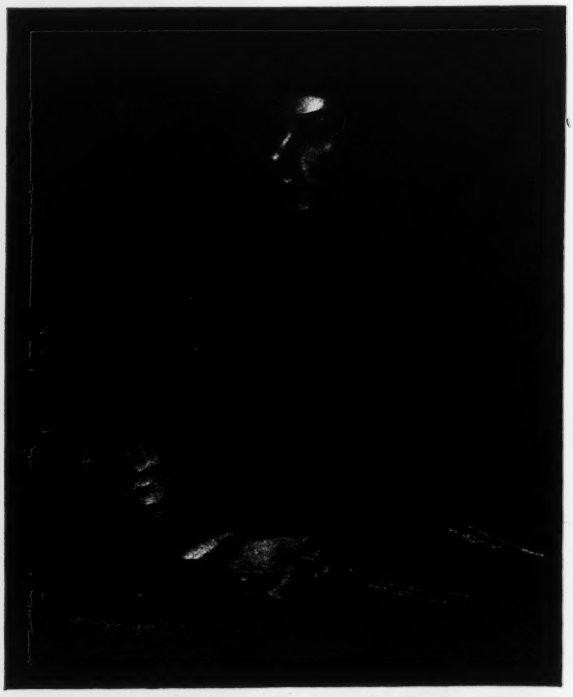
The following is the bibliographical *compte rendu* of the Book of the Year 300 years ago:

"The Bible of 1611, being only a revised edition, was not entered on the Stationers' Registers, nor have we any information as to the month in which it was issued. In its original form it is a handsome, well-printed book, set up apparently with newly cast type yielding a clean and sharp impression, and on excellent paper. It begins with an engraved title-page signed, 'C. Boel fecit in Richmont,' *i.e.* by Cornelis Boel, an Antwerp artist, who about this time produced portraits of the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Henry. In the upper panel SS. Peter and James sit, holding between them an oval frame within which is a representation of the Lamb; at the sides are SS. Matthew and Mark. On the two sides of the title stand Moses and Aaron in niches. At the foot are seated SS. Luke and John, while between them is another oval frame containing a picture of a pelican feeding her young. The title reads: 'The Holy Bible, conteyning the Old Testament and the New. Newly translated out of the Originall tongues: & with the former Translations diligently compared and reuised by his Maiesties speciall Comandment. Appointed to be read in Churches. Imprinted at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Maiestie. Anno Dom. 1611.'

"Leaves 2 and 3' are occupied with the Dedication: 'To the most High and Mightie Prince, Iames by the grace of God King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.'; 3[b]–8, by the Preface headed 'The Translators to the Reader,' 9–14 by a Calendar; 15', by 'An Almanacke for xxxix. yeeres,' 1603–1641;

Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury,

Who sent to Cromwell (1537) a new translation of the Bible, and obtained the King's licence to publish it. This is known as "Matthew's Bible."



Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex.

Appointed to superintend the printing of the Bible, and under his directions the Cranmer or "Great Bible" was produced in 1539.

15[b], by Directions 'To finde Easter for euer'; 16–18[a], by 'The Table and Kalendes, expressing the order of Psalmes and Lessons to be said at Morning and Euening prayer,' and a table headed, 'These to be obserued for Holy dayes, and none other'; 18[b], by 'The names and order of all the Bookes of the Olde and New Testament, with the number of their Chapters.' Inserted at the binder's pleasure after the Preface, after leaf 18 or elsewhere, are usually eighteen leaves of the Genealogies of Holy Scripture and a sheet containing a Map of Canaan with a table of the places named printed on the reverse. In October 1610 John Speed had obtained a privilege from the king enabling him for ten years to saddle every edition of the Scriptures with his decoratively printed but useless Genealogies, and so the cost of the book was needlessly increased by from

The Byble in
Englyshe of the largest and greatest volume, auctorysed and apoynted
Ouersene and perused at the commaundement of the kynges highnes,
Imprinted by Edwarde Whitchurch.

By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.

The Great Bible.

sixpence to two shillings a copy, according to size. In some copies, it may be mentioned, the Genealogies begin with a blank page; in others this is occupied by a fine cut of the royal arms, subscribed 'Cum Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis.'

"The text of the Bible is printed in black-letter, with the inserted words (now printed in italics) in small roman, and roman type is also used for the summaries at the head of each chapter, for the subject headlines at the top of each page, and for the references to parallel passages in the margin; the alternative renderings in the margins are in italics. The text is printed in double columns enclosed within rules, with ornamental headpieces and a few tailpieces and capitals at the beginnings of each chapter and psalm."

It seems a mistake to concentrate attention too ex-

clusively upon the completed revision of 1611. The revision of 1881–4 carried on work on ultra-conservative lines when it decreed that the work should be prepared by two Boards of twenty-seven members each, thus reverting to the original number of fifty-four. Many portions of the Bible were most excellently translated already before the six companies of King James began their work. They left a good deal to be done by unob-

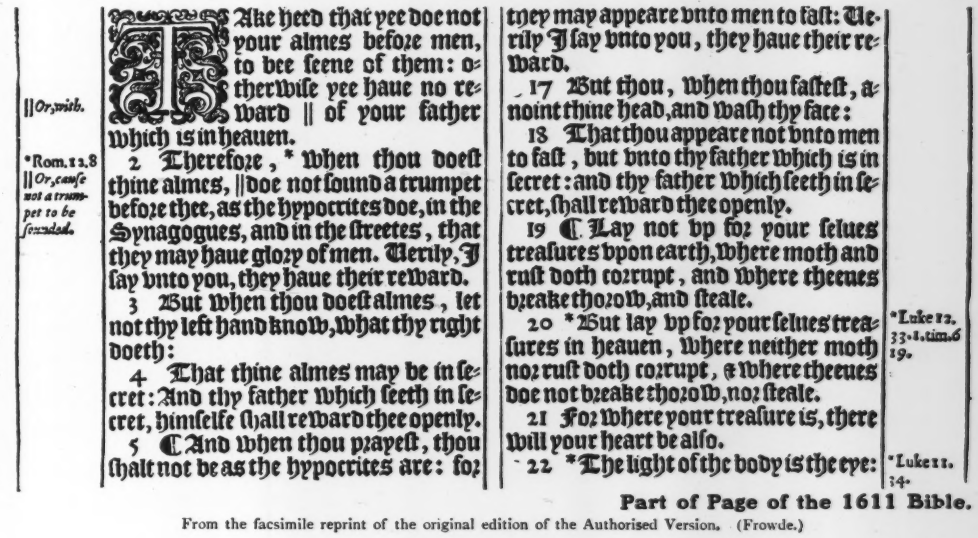
Lancelot Andrews.

He took part in the Hampton Court Conference, 1604, and his name is first in the list of divines appointed to make the Authorised Version of 1611.

trusive press-correctors and others during the whole of the seventeenth century. Tyndale was the master-Hebraizer; yet in spite of the fact that they learned their Hebrew through the Latin, the revisers seem to have caught the Hebrew idiom in a most fortunate manner. The learned Selden is a good witness to this. They work in few, simple, concrete old English words, which echo well the strong vocables of Israel. The Hebrews had few abstract and no scientific terms. A single Hebrew word for "going out" is rendered variously in the Bible by "bud," "spring," "east," "outgoing." Every general truth expressed by the Hebrew is rendered with the utmost directness and in phraseology as pictorial, as elemental, as transparent, as stimulative to imagination and feeling as could possibly be.

King James I.

The narrative and grand lyric poetry of the Bible are the outpouring of a primitive people whose poetry is rhythmic, grand, and simple and whose prose is pictorial, elemental, and concrete, but above all popular and free. With the "Arabian Nights" and "Hajji Baba," it gives us a whiff of "Eothen" over a thousand intervening miles and five-and-twenty centuries—it opens the ancient uncorrupted East, and the prosperous era of a people who throve before Greece and Syria had been shrivelled up for lack of summer rain as they are at present. The Bible, therefore, in the original will always stand with Homer as giving us natural thoughts in natural words, picturing a great people at the acme of its lyrical and religious intensity. Our Shakespeare and Milton (almost contemporaneous, curiously enough, with the completion of that translation which we account the best on record) represent something entirely opposite—for their words



‖ Or, with.

*Rom. 12.8 ‖ Or, cause not a trumpet to be sounded.

Take heed that yee doe not your almes before men, to bee seene of them: otherwise yee haue no reward ‖ of your father which is in heauen.

2 Therefore, * when thou doest thine almes, ‖ doe not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites doe, in the Synagogues, and in the streetes, that they may haue glory of men. Verily, I say vnto you, they haue their reward.

3 But when thou doest almes, let not thy left hand know, what thy right doeth:

4 That thine almes may be in secret: And thy father which seeth in secret, himselfe shall reward thee openly.

5 ¶ And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they may appeare vnto men to fast: Verily I say vnto you, they haue their reward.

17 But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face:

18 That thou appeare not vnto men to fast, but vnto thy father which is in secret: and thy father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

19 ¶ Lay not vp for your selues treasures vpon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where theeues breake through, and steale.

20 * But lay vp for your selues treasures in heauen, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, & where theeues doe not breake through, nor steale.

21 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

22 * The light of the body is the eye:

* Luke 12. 33. 1. tim. 6 19.

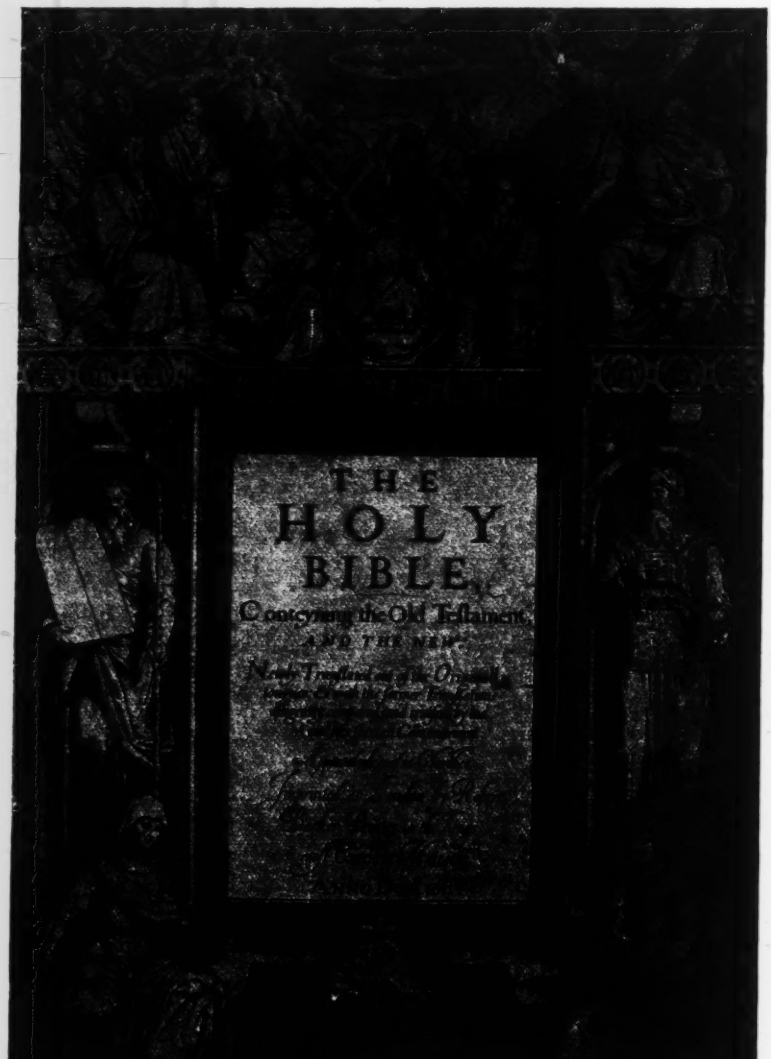
* Luke 11. 34.

Part of Page of the 1611 Bible.

From the facsimile reprint of the original edition of the Authorised Version. (Frowde.)

express the last distillation of the Renaissance touching England finally and to the most consummate purpose.

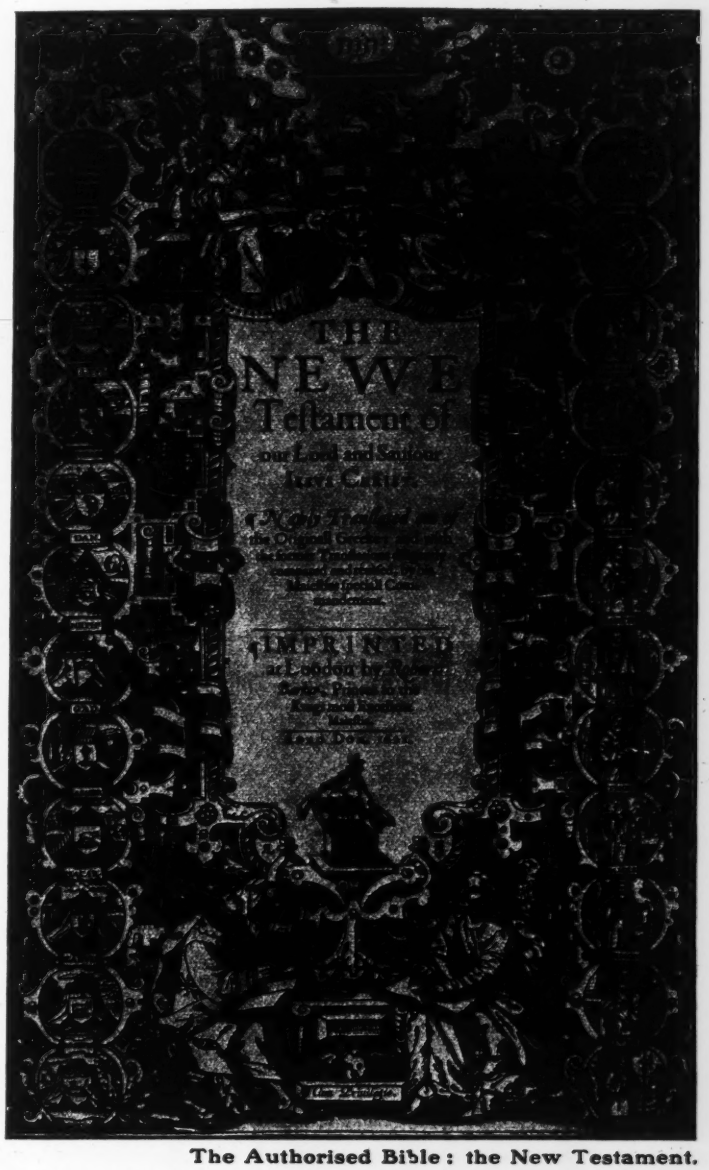
The chief witness to the merit of King James's translation is its success. It does not seem to have been forced upon any section of the English-speaking folk, but it gradually ousted all the other versions. It soon appeared in roman type and in quarto; it caught on not only in Scotland but in America, and the attempt of the ultra-puritans to supersede it ended in fiasco. Its success was largely due to the fact that it made no enemies to speak of. No one had been taxed in any way to produce it. It belonged to no party. Neither High Church nor Low could claim it as their exclusive possession. It did not repeat the offence charged to the prelates, of living with the rich and preaching at the poor. It was a homely version of the sacred book of an old pastoral, patriarchal, and democratic race. The beauty of the primitive Hebrew tribes pulsates in it with unmistakable force. It is a book of strong words and phrases suitable for nomads, wayfarers, and poor people. We can understand how Burns reverenced it and Borrow loved it, men neither of them specially biased in favour of religion. The fact is, though, that as far at least as my experience goes, infidels love it even better than the faithful. Time is passed since pedants such as Vossius would believe anything if only it were not in the Bible, or since it was necessary to represent "Ruth" as a new discovery in manuscripts in order to get a cultured French audience to appreciate one of the most beautiful pastoral pieces extant. The Bible is said to be deficient in drama, but it abounds in dramatic force brought out by the simplest means and with the most triumphant effect. "And David's Anger was greatly kindled against the man, and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the Lambe fourefold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pittie. And Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man." The romance of the Bible, to my mind, reaches its highest point in Samuel. The whole story of the "choice young man," from the day of his quest for Kish, his father's, asses to the evening of his life when he was "sore wounded of the archers," is quite wonderful. A consummate gift is shown in the narration of the adventures of the Ark in this book: its capture from the hands of the two debauched custodians, Hophni and Phineas, involving in this disaster both the death of Eli and the end of the widow of Phineas in giving birth to Ichabod. Then, the embarrassment of the Philistines with their capture; the shattering of the image of Dagon and the plague of emerods; the application, in their perplexity, to the soothsayers, and the latter's advice: "Now therefore make a new cart and take two milch kine, on which there hath come no yoke, and tie the kine to the cart, and bring the calves home from them. And take the Arke of the Lord, and lay it upon the cart, and put the jewels of golde, which ye returne to him for a trespasse offering in a coffer by the side thereof, and send it away that it may goe. And see if it goeth up by the way of his own coast to Beth-shemesh." The men of Beth-shemesh (bordering on the line that now runs from Joppa to Jerusalem), we are told, were reaping their wheat harvest in the valley; we picture them wiping the sweat from their brows and lifting up their eyes with mild surprise at the slow approach of the vehicle



The Authorised Bible: the Old Testament.
From the facsimile reprint. With bibliographical introduction by Alfred W. Pollard (Frowde.)

bearing the national idol. The cart was left standing in the field, the Ark was reverently removed but proved no mascot but rather a Moloch to the unhappy tribesmen of Judæa, fifty thousand of whom were murdered by a jealous God for looking into the Ark. Thence, by request of such inhabitants as survived, it was removed to Kirjath-jearim, whence its removal was still to be attended by risk and disaster. Like the diamond from the eye of a Hindu idol, it was still to cause the death of Uzzah and dire dissension in the harem of King David, who himself evidently shared in the panic its presence was so apt to create.

Every word counts in the Bible, and counts in the most primary way. The result has been that the elevation and nobility of the Bible diction, assisted by its slightly archaic tinge, have tended to keep English style above meanness and triviality. Even if we do not agree with Coleridge's dictum, that intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style (Macaulay is a refutation of this), we recognise the beauty of the book's simplicity when we compare the opening verse of the Magnificat with Horwood's eighteenth-century attempt to improve upon it thus: "My soul with reverence adores my Creator, and all my faculties with transport join in celebrating the goodness of God, my Saviour, who hath in so signal a manner condescended to regard my poor and humble station."



The Authorised Bible: the New Testament.
From the facsimile reprint. With bibliographical introduction by Alfred W. Pollard. (Frowde)

To the appreciation of our older English, no less than to the study of geography, romance, philology, ancient history, climatology, and the science of comparative religion, the Bible and its easy accessibility have contributed in a vital manner. The miraculous side of the Bible has no doubt been absurdly overrated. It has been grievously misrepresented. Much of it has no message for us and is obviously innutritive. The method to pursue in reading the Holy Book is clearly that advised by Mr. Moody when he compared reading the Bible to eating fish. "Don't try," he said, "to eat the bones; put them on the side of the plate." Enough remains to kindle our enthusiasm for a book which represented so great, so continuous, and so concentrated an effort upon the part of our ancestors—the immediate result of a century of toil and study from the conception of Tyndale to the happy issue of 1611. As the Catholics of the thirteenth century built temples of imperishable beauty, so the Protestant revisers of the sixteenth were enabled to build up for their successors an English Bible which, with all the imperfections inseparable from their clipped critical resources and from the limitations of human nature, will always be held in veneration (of course leaving a sid here all consideration of the sacred aspect of the Book), after the Tragedies, Histories, and Comedies of Shakespeare, as our noblest literary memorial of that splendid, spacious, and, in many ways, heroic age.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best rendering of any well-known Nursery Rhyme as it might have been done if Mr. Rudyard Kipling had written it.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at the head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA has been awarded to MISS L. MUGFORD, of Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent, for the following:

SHOOTING FOR LADIES. BY WALTER WINANS. (Putnam's.)

"The demand for crape goes on."
M. JANVIER, *Catching the Cat.*

We also select for printing:

GETTING ON. BY JOHN ADAMS THAYER. (Werner Laurie.)

"She will very well pass for forty-three—
In the dusk with the light behind her."
W. S. GILBERT, *Trial by Jury.*

(Mrs. Wood, Fingest Cottage, near High Wycombe.)

FOLLOWING FEET. BY CHARLES E. VIVIAN. (Melrose.)

"Everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E., and Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE WOMAN IN IT. BY CHARLES GARVICE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em, 'Peace, be still.'"
KIPLING, *Back to the Army Again.*

(Alice M. Morgan, 70, Greystones Road, Sheffield.)

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen.)
or ON ANYTHING. BY HILAIRE BELLOC. (Methuen.)

"'The time has come,' the walrus said,
'To talk of many things;
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings.'"
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

(F. K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

A MAN WITH A PAST. BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (Stanley Paul.)

"'I cried upon my first wife's dying day,
And also when my second ran away;
My third.' . . .
'Well, then, your third,' said Juan, 'what did she?
She did not run away, too, did she, sir?'
'No, faith!'—'What then?'—'I ran away from her.'"
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

(J. H. Morton, Ardbeg, Cambuslang, N.B.)

THE STRAITS OF POVERTY. BY ELLA MACMAHON. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
So the poor dog had none."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Gwendoline Jones, 2, Mirandor Villas, Uplands, Swansea, and D. M. Morgan, Bratton House, Wellington, Salop.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best description of a first ride in a motor-car, in not more than thirty lines, parodying the style of Poe's poem, "The Bells," has been awarded to J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, for the following:

I

Primal, radiant, glorified,
Marvellous Ride!
(O! the magical Mercédes in the thunder of her stride.)
With a laugh akin to weeping
At the swiftness of your flight,
Quickened pulses seem a-sweeping
Heart and Brain with one wild, leaping,
Long, and exquisite Delight.
Vanish Place—Space—Time—
All the World spins to the chime
Of the Engine's ceaseless throbbing, ringing, singing far and wide,
And a passionate *abandon* laps and drowns you in the tide
Of the clamour and the glamour of the Ride!
Ride!! Ride!!!
With the all-compelling glamour of the Ride!

II

Hill and Valley, Riverside,
Moorland wide,
Like a bird she skims and spurns them, this Mercédes in her pride.
But the halcyon Hours are flying,
And the Journey's all but done,
And the happiest Day is dying,
When for Home you turn, and sighing
Watch the Western-waning Sun.

Rare and rapturous Delight !
Still, that first bewitching flight
(Though the Engine's ceaseless throbbing sings no longer far and wide)
Thrills and fires you with the freedom and the glory of the Ride,
With the primal, pristine glory of the Ride !
Ride ! ! Ride ! ! !
With the memory-haunting glamour of the Ride !

Many other parodies have been received, the best of them being those by Alice Hind (Birkenhead), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), David Whitelaw (Paisley), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (South Woodford), Miss B. K. Webber (Plymouth), H. Mawson (Leeds), Joseph Macdonald (Bacup), Mildred Emerson (Barnard Castle), Richard P. McCoy (Gillingham), James Smith (Aberdeen), Carrie Lewis (Brixton, S.W.), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Price Holland (Bideford), William Morriss (Sheffield), and Reg. G. Wyatt (Bristol).

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to V. C. TURNBULL, of 110, Guilford Street, W.C., for the following :

MARIE-CLAIRE. By MARGUERITE AUDOUX. Translated by John N. Raphael. (Chapman & Hall.)

Memory, rather than imagination, has shaped this book. Hence much irrelevant detail, flatness of characterisation, absence of any real story. Selection, combination, ordered sequence, climax are alike lacking. But in their place we get that rare thing, a recovered childhood, put before us with a thousand touches more profoundly right than any mere art could make them. The "animism" of her recollected fancies links Marguerite Audoux to Dickens : both possess the child-like spirit. Without being "literary," the author of "Marie-Claire" has produced a piece of literature. She represents the triumph of passionate sympathy with the child's point of view.

Among the best of the numerous other reviews received are :

ACCOUNT RENDERED. By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann.)

This is the story of the soul of Lady Tenby. Mr. Benson has put her tiny soul under his microscope, studied it, and given us the result of his investigations in an able book. Lady Tenby is a ruthless woman who hides her grim determination under a jovial manner, and Mr. Benson's portrait of her reminds us of a Meissonier etching. As a psychological study and as a novel the book is absorbing. The style is excellent, the plot is interesting, the heroine winsome, and the book will surely be one of the "novels of the spring."

(Mrs. John Adams, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.)

THE COIL OF CARNE. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen.)

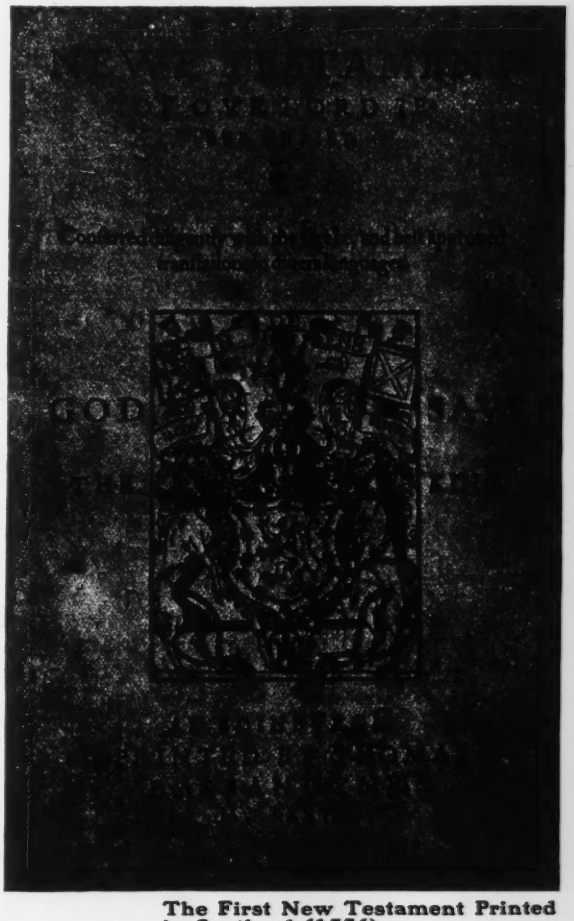
John Oxenham has never written a careless or dull story ; and since he gave us "Barbe" we have always looked eagerly for his new book. The "Coil of Carne" proves him in imaginative power to be as entrancing and fascinating as ever. The plot—and there is mystery in it such as Mr. Oxenham's readers have before delighted in—is connected with the fortunes of two brothers, representatives of the ancient House of Carne. The chapters on the Crimean campaign, in which the hero does great things, are unsurpassed in literary power in any of the author's other works, and this is saying much.

(H. M. Cres. Payne, Parkwoon, Roche, Cornwall.)

VERSES. By H. BELLOC. (Duckworth.)

Of the poems in this volume some possess a purely ephemeral interest and others have little claim to be more than verse of the most "occasional" sort, but there are several which certainly deserve to live, especially the carol and the quaint religious poems, which have a charming old-world simplicity about them rarely seen nowadays. In "The South Country" and other poems, again, filled with the spirit of the open road and the wayside inn, we recognise with pleasure the familiar Mr. Belloc of "The Path to Rome." Altogether the volume will certainly make its readers wish for more.

(A. M. Anderson, St. Gordians, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex.)



The First New Testament Printed in Scotland (1576).

The price of it was £4 13s. 4d. (Scots). It is dedicated to James VI. of Scotland.

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by E. A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Sidney G. Bell (Wandsworth Common), Ivan Adair (Dublin), M C. M'Grouther (Glasgow), Evelyn Makey (Folkestone), E. Porter (Kensington), James A. Richards (Tenby), William Morriss (Sheffield), Harry Naden (Stockport), Miss A. E. Kinder (Taunton), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Kate Lee (Harrow), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Kathleen White (Ravenscourt Park), E. Rippon (Hull), Miss Van der Pant (Dover), Florence L. Bate (Folkestone), G. M. Elwood ; Alfred Redmond (Plumstead), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), M. H. Menzies (Hampstead), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), Florence L. Stephens (Bodmin), Miss C. E. Muirhead (London, N.), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Helen MacLeod Scott (Edinburgh), J. J. Griffiths (Highbury Fields, N.), Florence H. Ellis (Halifax), and Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to ALBERT E. HALLIDAY, 16, Darfield Avenue, Harehills, Leeds.

WAR AND PEACE AND REVOLUTION.*

By Dr. William Barry.

IN the "Home University of Modern Knowledge" an attempt is to be made for which our time seems ripe. Its promoters, distinguished Oxford men and others, believe that large classes who are not exactly students, but who will read thoughtfully what is put before them in a clear and accurate manner, wish to arrive at some central convictions, founded on the best information regarding this complex world in which our lot is now cast. Shilling volumes, well printed, without sparing brains or ink; a sound paper, and of suitable size to be read anywhere—these are to form the "Home University." Not reprints, even of classic authors, but original works, touched by the Time Spirit in point of style and choice of expression, but something better than a journalist's review—nay, ever so much better, as intended to stimulate and guide inquiry on the reader's part, when once awakened to a sense of the important subject set before him. This, certainly, is an enterprise of great pith and moment—of pith, for it can be successful only when experts throw into it their special knowledge; and of moment, for the democracy, which scornful M. Renan likened to Caliban, has yet need to learn from Prospero by what method it shall rule its island, now it is master from sea to sea.

To stimulate and to enlighten, these are the aims, kept steadily in view by Mr. Perris and Mr. Belloc, whom I can praise the more unreservedly because I do not always see eye to eye with one or the other. But the Home University admits of differences, nay, of contraries, in opinion, and must do so, if it would be true to life. Thus, Mr. Belloc is a kind of French Revolutionist himself, not English either in tone or judgment; but the very fact adds weight to his pleading. Mr. Perris again, I discover on the title-page, belongs to the "International Institute of Peace"; and he drives straight at a conclusion which Count Tolstoy has probably inspired; but he, too, is well worth hearing on this account. In both writers we feel the movement of ideas, the presence of world-forces, with which democracy will have to reckon, or through which it must work out its doom. The idea, for instance, that peace and not war is the higher (in that sense the normal) state of mankind—how will such a thought find its place among the ambitions, greeds, and necessities connoted by the "Battle of Life," a phrase not more significant to Darwin the observer of science than to Dickens the looker-on at human tragi-comedies? We can say, at all events, that when we reach the final stage in this by no means fatiguing march through history, we have learnt how to discuss the problem of war and peace more intelligently. And so, too, the Revolution of 1789 as Mr. Belloc sketches it becomes comparatively transparent; it loses a little of its wild anarchical aspect, its mere "fool-fury of the Seine"; it is French indeed, not really, as it fancied itself, cosmopolitan, but how few Englishmen have ever tried to see it through French glasses? Yet if the voting crowd would endeavour, once in a way, to grasp the situation as visible at Paris, Lyons, and in Brittany, our own foreign policy might gain light upon its path. For not one of the questions handled in these two volumes is dead.

With decision of style, in language mostly forcible and often picturesque, Mr. Perris undertakes to tell the story, as he terms it, of "the human swarm and its settlement." From ages before chronicles he passes on to the vast military monarchies, Babylon, Egypt, Assyria, following the highway that brings him down to our Greek and Latin school books, and thence through the Roman-Medieval, or Roman-Teuton period, to these last four hundred years, during which the whole planet has been, so to speak, invaded by Western civilisation. He assumes that "sentiment, opinion, even genius, are factors in social growth of small importance in comparison with hunger, sex, greed of wealth and power, and other primary and universal motives which provide the body-stuff of history." He would "get beneath more heroic but superficial explanations of events to those roots of material interests in which, as the writer believes, and not in passion or instinct, the causes of war and peace are to be found." Nothing can be more frank than such a declaration. We are to interpret the world's movement by Malthus and Darwin; subject, however, to conditions only of late fulfilled, or on the way to fulfilment. The earth is now all but covered with human societies; and in the most advanced of these population is either increasing at a diminished rate or not increasing at all. What is to be the next stadium on our march? This author holds that it will be the end of war, "the organisation of a settled peace." And so, from a struggle for food and family, the tribes of men will have come out into an industrial millennium, well-balanced and self-supporting, a "domestic and international peace." O man, great is thy faith! But suppose democracy, indulging its "passion and instinct," should terminate its career by race-suicide? The old Roman houses, patrician and plebeian, did so. Will our civilised peace follow their example?

I may note, incidentally, that Mr. Perris, who is widely read in the literature of his large discourse, takes Herodotus at that charming old romancer's own value. But, surely, this cannot be maintained as regards Oriental history. Herodotus never set eyes on Babylon; nor does he give a description of it which competent critics like Professor Sayce will allow to pass without challenge. It is certain that Cyrus did not

* "A Short History of War and Peace." By G. H. Perris.—"The French Revolution." By Hilaire Belloc. 1s. net each. (Williams & Norgate.)

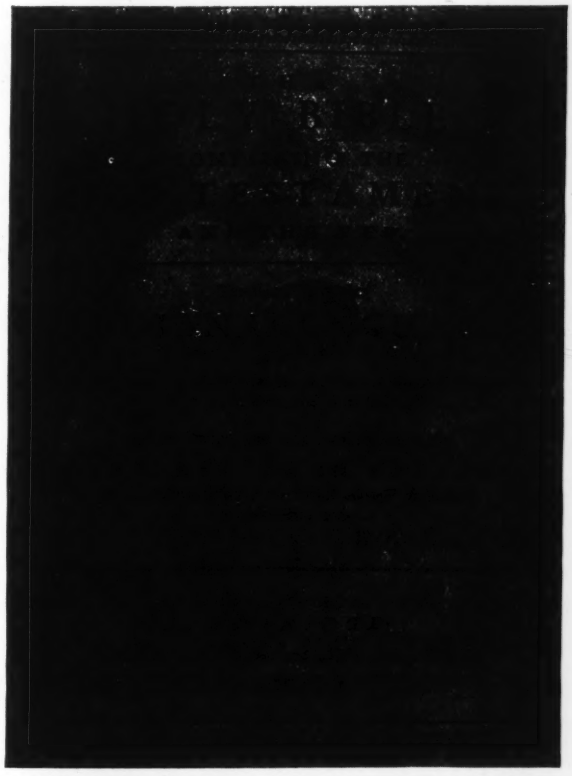
"divert the course of the Euphrates in order to obtain a passage into Babylon." Contemporary evidence proves that his general, Gobryas, entered the city "without battle or fighting." These are details, which do not affect the argument of the book; but we no longer depend on the Greek classical writers for a knowledge of the facts, and they require correction. Something, also, I should have to remark on the Crusades, which did more than "drown the pure ideal of fraternity in a sea of blood." I forbear, since it is not my design in a brief notice to travel over these battlefields. Enough now, as indicating the author's drift, that he makes the "Imperial idea" responsible for conquest, for slavery, for the expansion of power which, whether in Asia when Alexander and his successors ruled it, or in India beneath our British sway, governs but does not civilise. The "slave" economy changes into a "land" economy, and this into one of "trade currency"; there is progress from empire to feudalism, to nationalism, to the balance of power and The Hague Conference, gathered together in Mr. Carnegie's marble palace, built with proceeds of the Steel Trust. Free labour, free thought; the deadlock of an "armed peace"; and "organised labour," refusing to go to war on behalf of capitalism —that is to be the fifth act. Once more I say, O man, great is thy faith!

What is the relation of democracy to the old régime, and to the Imperial idea? This, in sum, is the question that Mr. Belloc might have set himself to answer. But it is Mr. Perris who utters the "dreaded name" of Napoleon, and who defines him as "prince of the powers of death"; while our eloquent French-English, ironical-serious, Catholic disciple of Rousseau narrows his vision to the years 1789-94, in which, as he holds, European democracy contrived to secure a future for itself. To Mr. Belloc the thing that counts is an "ascending series of revolutionary efforts," culminating in the Terror and the execution of Robespierre. By these events, political, military, anti-religious, the "basis of the modern state" was laid down. I will quote without comment the words in which that creative pamphlet "On the Social Contract" is described; they are not wanting, at any rate, in courage.

"Rousseau's hundred pages," says Mr. Belloc, "are the direct source of the theory of the modern state; their lucidity and unmatched economy of diction; their rigid analysis, their epigrammatic judgment and wisdom—these are the reservoirs whence modern democracy has flowed; what are now proved to be the errors of democracy are errors against which the 'Contrat Social' warned men; the moral apology of democracy is the moral apology written by Rousseau; and if in this one point of religion he struck a more confused and less determined note than in the rest, it must be remembered that in his time no other man understood what part religion played in human affairs."

Much might be hinted on all these thorny points; I will add but a pertinent observation from "The Cambridge Modern History," where it ascribes to Rousseau's rhetoric "that romantic religious revival which prepared the way for clerical reaction under the restored monarchy." Rousseau, continues this philosophic estimate, did not foresee that "the emotions excited by his eloquence would, like his Savoyard priest, find greater satisfaction in the splendour and the far-reaching associations of Roman faith and ritual than in the colourless Socinianism of Geneva." No, he certainly did not foresee the "Genius of Christianity" putting on his colours with Chateaubriand.

It is under this double influence, as I think may not unfairly be said, that Mr. Belloc proceeds to connect and account for the successive "ascending" phases of the Revolution. He pursues a lively, and at times an erratic course, but whether we agree or dissent we find ourselves drawn onward as he moves. He grants to Marie Antoinette, as Lord Acton granted, an increasing importance. Of Mirabeau it is said, "he was never that dirtiest of political phenomena, the party man," but "he had none of the revolutionary vision." Those rather perverse half-apologies for Danton and Robespierre which Mr. Belloc has consigned to larger books are given with a fixed determination over again. Carnot is made to be "the chief controller of the Terror"; Marat "was not sane," but "his insanity was often generous," and he receives credit as "a distinguished scholar in his own trade, that of medicine." He, and not Danton, "must stand responsible for the massacres of September." Sentences like these would offer fine subjects to the Oxford Union, if it debated past history. They have also present and terrible implications, for the whole company are



John Eliot's Translation of the Bible into the Language of the Massachusetts Indians.

The first Bible printed in America, 1663. It is dedicated to Charles II. A copy was sold in 1882 to the late Mr. Kolbfleisch of New York for £580. Only nineteen copies are known to exist. Two are in the British Museum, and two in the Lennox Library, New York.

among "les morts qui parlent," and the voices of the dead speak loud in France to this day.

Merits of which honourable mention should be made, for their effectiveness and rarity, are in Mr. Belloc's handling not a few. Among them readers ought to count the admirable bringing together as in a simple scene of widely scattered but contemporaneous events, which we too often separate in our imagination. The military turning-points are well marked and succinctly given. But, above all, the unhappy and, as our author holds, the needless quarrel between Republic and Church is allowed its due proportion. Foreign, and especially English, students very seldom think of it save as a minor episode which mattered little in comparison with political or diplomatic interests. In our newspapers the significance of "anti-clericalism" gets no acknowledgment; and Mr. Belloc or myself may be thought mere partisans for so much as alluding to it. But M. Faguet is no Catholic and no partisan; he is a Liberal of the purest water; and he would emphatically maintain that the anti-clerical programme of the third Republic is its greatest danger. Why that should be, and how the situation arose, we may learn from this instructive volume. I end with another quotation which sums the matter up. "The civil constitution of the clergy failed," so runs the argument; "it lit the civil war, it dug the pit which divided Catholicism from the Revolution at the moment of the foreign invasion, it segregated the loyal priest so that his order could not but appear to the populace as an order of traitors, and it led, in the furnace of 1793, to the great persecution from the memories of which the relations between the French democracy and the Church have not recovered." This witness is true.

THE "SPIRITUAL BEHEMOTH."*

BY WALTER SICHEL.

BLAKE, in one of his mystic fantasies, depicted Pitt as Behemoth, while in another, if I mistake not, he shadowed forth Pitt's spiritual body. It is with something of this ideal undercurrent, though by no means with that mysticism of presentation, that Dr. Rose has approached his task. It is a difficult undertaking, and exacts surely an unusual grasp of imaginative power and force of psychological insight, the more so as this preliminary volume essays to show us the great minister in the making. From many of Dr. Rose's constructions I venture to dissent, and sometimes his style seems open to criticism, as in the case of the word "viewiness," for example. But he has taken great pains in the mapping out of the roads and by-roads, and if he has not always perhaps tracked the windings to their characteristic source, he has explored some new and fascinating territory, especially in his admirable exposition of intricate foreign development up to the time of the French Revolutionary outburst. Moreover, he has new manuscript material to illumine. He has proved what a tough customer even Pitt found in Catherine of Russia. And he has shown that this portent of a minister seems habitually to have drafted the dispatches of his foreign secretaries, and often to have sent them out without an alteration. Even Beaconsfield could hardly have done this with either Lord Derby or Lord Salisbury.

The excess of intuition necessary for this theme is demanded by the peculiarities of the person. Why is it that men signally dispassionate in their normal nature often fail to attract posterity in proportion to their achievements? The reason surely lies in the fact that their greatness is a kind of abstraction. Their personality seems small in contrast with their performance. They lack the romanticism that begets romance and the fire that generates fervour. Their very failings are seldom of the magnetic order. They are undramatic on the stage. Only in the study, in retrospect and in connection with their service, do they emerge truly and largely human. The volcano strikes a wider range of sensations than the glacier, and Vesuvius is nearer man than Mont Blanc. These considerations are not wholly applicable to Pitt, but they lie in the region of thought that is often applicable to him. Pitt's character was far greater than his intellect. It was a wonderful character. But even his character was not so colossal as his career, or rather the career of Great Britain which he caused and guided. Cold and circumspect, sometimes even timid (and this aspect finds little emphasis in these pages), he was passionate for England. And it was only when the train of events and the chaos of disturbance brought this patriotic passion into line with Pitt's practical faculties that the inspiration inspired, that he emerged, not only as the extract, but as the embodiment of Britannia. It was otherwise with the phenomenal Chatham who, in a phrase of Horace Walpole's, cited neither here nor by Lord Rosebery, was truly a drop of fire. Chatham would have been fiery even if he had not been a titanic patriot. He was genius: there was a genius in Pitt: therein lies the distinction between father and son. Pitt's unselfish patriotism was his only enkindling medium.

And there is another consideration that makes it hard rightly to appreciate the greatness of Pitt and his divergence from his age. That era was not one of specialisation. But Pitt was brought up to be prime (and perhaps prim) minister. From his cradle he was potted in the political forcing-house, nor would his imperious father brook any airier nursery. Born in the purple, Pitt was designed to continue the royalty of a statesman. He began fully equipped. He emerged,

* "William Pitt and National Revival." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 16s. net. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.)

like Athena, from the head of Zeus. More than this. None more than Pitt exemplifies the Mendelian theory. The Chatham in him—the warmth of will—was deep down and latent, the Grenville in him—the mother's side—the chilling caution, the precision and unimpulsiveness, all these were to the fore. When he began with his air of authority and aloofness, Lord Mansfield exclaimed: "He is not a great minister, he is a great little minister." No wonder that as a youth he seemed a superior person and irritated, even while he awed; no wonder that, in the words of Romney commenting on his nose, he turned it up at all the world. No wonder that he became chief minister at an age when most of his contemporaries were courting patronage or a constituency. The real wonder is that he surmounted his own self-complacency, that even his defects saved his country, that he was and remains inherently, immortally great. And yet after reading Dr. Rose's volume from cover to cover it is not the spontaneous impression of such commanding greatness that predominates. Dr. Rose has almost laboured to establish Pitt's idealism, originality, consistency, semi-infallibility, though here and there he does concede a mistake or so, for which we must be thankful. He even suggests that when Pitt went on planting trees during the Dutch crisis of 1785, he may have meant to reassure his supporters. And Dr. Rose's William Pitt is not only "All the Talents," but All the Virtues in addition. He has made him one of the Fairchild Family, from which desolation may a merciful heaven deliver all great spirits. Was there nothing of the prodigal in this prodigy? At all events, if we may trust Lord Glenbervie, he seems while at Lincoln's Inn deliberately to have encroached on his capital rather than cut a poor figure on his income. We behold the young Pitt painted as on an eighteenth-century tea-tray, varnished, immaculate, and provoking—in fact, in the very attitude which his deriders in the "Rolliad" delighted to satirise. Our author has gone further. Because Pitt could unbend in private and disport himself with Wilberforce and others, he insists that he (with Wilberforce) was a wit: "Would that we knew more of those bright days," he exclaims of the friendly carousals at Wimbledon. But if Pitt's *mots* resembled the few cited during his French visit they would scarcely have added to the gaiety of nations. Pitt could be gay at home, but nothing will convince us that he coruscated. From the first he was afraid to let himself go—his proud youth forbade it—and to the end "this young Octavius" was reserved and self-composed. From the first he stood on a pinnacle—his own pinnacle. He was a statesman of purpose, just as Fox was a leader of impulse.

> "Above the rest majestically great,
> Behold the infant Atlas of the State,
> The matchless miracle of modern days
> In whom Britannia to the world displays
> A sight to make surrounding nations stare—
> A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care."

It has been well said that Fox and his slipshod following regarded finance as an invention of Pitt. Pitt had studied the exact sciences, and he was accurate by nature. He neglected no opportunity of informing himself in fiscal matters, and one of his two main aims at the outset was to strengthen and reorganise English credit on the best lines then available. But

King Edward IV. visiting Caxton's Printing Office at Westminster.
(After Maclise.)
Printing was introduced into England by Caxton in 1477, and translations and summaries of parts of Scripture were issued from his press.

he was not a heaven-born financier (no one then was), and Shelburne, one of whose *protégés*, Dr. Price, helped Pitt in finance, was a deeper student of economics. Where Pitt, in this as in most directions, excelled his contemporaries was in making workable arrangements and pushing them through by his double power of delay and persistence. He did not so succeed with his other early purpose—that of a mild parliamentary reform. In this ambition he was, to my mind, no enthusiast. He inherited it from his father. And, once more, as regards his finance we are still paying what is tantamount to five per cent. on some of his loans, while in his management of the Irish Commercial Propositions, which failed, he gave, I cannot but think, just offence to Ireland. In this domain his French Commercial Treaty redounds most to his glory, and Dr. Rose is the first to show fully by what strange conjunctures France was then brought to make concessions disadvantageous to herself.

When Pitt started there were no real parties, only a tesselation of family adherents, and its outcome, a glaring mosaic of self-interest. Such Toryism as had survived the constructive ideas of Bolingbroke (whose works Chatham loved and is said to have read aloud to Pitt) slept in the nonchalant North and the obstinate "King's Friends"—an inexpugnable squadron on whom Pitt was often afterwards forced to rely. The "Revolution Families" partitioned Whiggery among them. Burke the brilliant did the thinking for the tame Rockinghamites. Fox the extreme did the slashing for the Duke of Portland, who ended by crossing over to Pitt in disgust at the Jacobinism of the hungry and greedy "Foxhounds." Politics were absolutely a game tempered by theories, and even Burke's theories rested on a deification of Parliament. Pitt was a Chathamite floating amid the Grenvillite icebergs. But he was not hampered by political connections, and from the first he disclaimed partisanship. That was probably why the King sent for the youth when he had wrecked the odious Coalition. Dr. Rose cites a most interesting letter from Dundas to Shelburne which hints that Shelburne himself suggested the name of Pitt to the King, and Shelburne, who had started as a Chathamite, was as much removed from the tyranny of groups as his former Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pitt redeemed politics from being a mere game, he often dared to prefer the Nation to Parliament, and gradually he succeeded in popularising the King. But that is not to say that he did not rely on party expedients of his own, or use all available means for strengthening his connection. Despite his exceptional single-mindedness, no minister ever obliged his own family more than Pitt, but in these respects he was a much-tried man, and on one occasion (unquoted here) he assured an applicant how relieved he was to find that he did not wish to be made Emperor of Germany!

Dr. Rose has hardly been fair to North, who was in several respects a prototype of Lord Palmerston, and who set on foot more than one matter of after-importance; nor has he solved the riddle of that sphinx of detached statecraft, the mistrusted and mistrusting Lord Shelburne. He has so far minimised the influence on Pitt of Dundas, who seems often to have screwed his chief's courage to the sticking point. And as regards minor characters, who would guess, for instance, from these pages that Courtenay was a wit (it was he who described the maid-servant tax as *not* "an Irish proposition") or that the Duke of Richmond was a *gourmet?* Queen Charlotte, surely, during the Regency period played a larger part in connection with Pitt than is commemorated here, nor does Burke's dictum about her—that she had only one virtue, decorum, and one vice, avarice—find a place. The characterisation, too, of her husband is conventional. It takes no account of his real wit, nor of his intrinsic, if veiled, excitability. Indeed, Dr. Rose doubts the story of his tears over the Coalition. "If the age was lachrymose," he writes, "George III. was not." Yet when he went mad he wept copiously, and periodically. Soon after his accession, for example, he could work himself up to the verge of madness. Speaking of the King's recovery from the madness of 1789, Dr. Rose records that he shed tears in thanking his supporters, and at this very period of the Coalition, he admits "the flurried, incoherent kind of talk which afterwards marked the oncoming of lunacy." Neither in the treatment of the Coalition nor of the Regency imbroglio does the complex inwardness of the whole situation always find complete expression. Among other things Fox thought that he had been jockeyed by Shelburne at Windsor. Nor am I convinced that Dr. Rose absolves Pitt from his change of front on the Warren Hastings impeachment. Either Pitt hurried over the evidence or he had weeks wherein to make up his mind. And in smaller details surely Dr. Rose errs in attributing the drunkenness to port and the Methuen treaty. Champagne and burgundy were equal defaulters, and the badness of the water may have played a part also. And surely he errs also in terming Pitt's voice "sonorous"; was it not sometimes compared to a ball of worsted in the mouth? In trifles, too, there are one or two quaint mistakes. Dr. Rose (apparently citing Wilberforce) actually fancies (p. 59) that Sheridan had been with Fox at Oxford, whereas, of course, it was Sheridan's misfortune that his father could not afford to give him a university education. Then, again, what does Dr. Rose mean by St. Ann's Hill at *Wandsworth*? Can there be two St. Ann's Hills and both Fox's? If not, this is scarcely a slip like "ex-centric," which is common to all flesh. Poor Sheridan, too, and some of my evidence regarding him fare rather ill occasionally at Dr. Rose's hands. He will not allow that Sheridan "wrote" the Prince's answer to Pitt at the beginning of 1789, but seems to think it a "joint-composition." What was shown in my "Sheridan" is that several tried their hands and patience at this needed document, that Burke penned a treatise that took a good hour to read, but that Sheridan reduced the whole to pith, tact, and brevity, importing his own style in the process.

Then, again, in a citation from the Duchess of Devonshire's preface to her "Diary," where she says on Fox's side that Sheridan could not, in the Regency crisis, resist playing a "sly game," the qualifying context absolutely absolving him from "duplicity" ought to be remembered also. And why does Sheridan's earlier and famed retort against Pitt of the "angry boy" escape Dr. Rose's narrative? Pitt, at any rate, seems never quite to have forgotten it. Further, Dr. Rose doubts the evidence adduced by me that Burke helped Pitt in his India Bill. Yet that indication comes from a letter of Mrs. Tickell, who knew the Burkes, and was well-informed by her brother-in-law Sheridan: and some evidence exists that a few years afterwards Burke applied to Pitt for a post on the Board of Control.

But such little matters in no way detract from a stimulating and informing volume. Dr. Rose has brought much of interest into relief and to the light; the Dutch, Prussian, and Spanish positions have never been handled as Dr. Rose has handled them. His hero is a true hero, and the truer for not being an absolute angel. His power of waiting was immense, and that power belongs to genius. He knew when the iron was hot and, as a rule, he struck it at the right moment. That he was a politician as well as a statesman was not his fault. England wills that her leaders should be so. But though doomed to the ladder of occasion, he disdained the doctrine of necessity. On him it imposed no law. He finely termed it the creed of slaves and the tool of tyrants. The Britain of our moment may well remember that free pronouncement.

New Books.

MR. CHESTERTON ON DICKENS.*

The kind of book to which this volume of Mr. Chesterton belongs is not the easiest of kinds to criticise. By its very nature it can have no continuous interest, and for critical purposes one must get away from the individual papers of which it is composed and do one's best to size up as a whole what value it may possess as a general appreciation of its subject. And, with one exception, so characteristic of its author that it is practically waste of time and (journalistic) space to insist upon it—at least with any hope of warning him off from similar failings in the future—it may be welcomed for as sound, informative, and brilliant a piece of criticism as has been written in the English language for many a long day past. Mr. Chesterton's credentials as a guide to the study of Dickens are many and obvious. He knows Dickens's books as a beggar knows his dish, and he loves them with a love without which such a knowledge were impossible. That affection comes out in a fashion which all who know the bulk of Mr. Chesterton's work at all intimately will readily appreciate. It has made this volume much the most simple and direct, both in thought and in verbal style, we have received from him. There is no snap-shooting at epigram and paradox, no toying with vagabond ideas, none of the usually delightful and occasionally irritating irresponsible philandering by the way of which its author is generally so fond. Mr. Chesterton has written these studies not to illustrate his own virtuosity, but in clean and simple admiration of a great craftsman and a greater man. He has accomplished a very notable literary feat—he has added a spice, a tit-bit, to the gigantic *olla podrida* of Dickens, for which every truly appreciative partaker of that gorgeous feast will be sincerely grateful. Take, for instance, this bit about Pickwick and Sam Weller:

> "Many comic writers have described the clever rascal and his ridiculous dupe; but here, in a fresh and very human atmosphere, we have a clever servant who was not a rascal, and a dupe who was not ridiculous. Sam Weller stands in some ways for a cheerful knowledge of the world; Mr. Pickwick stands for a still more cheerful ignorance of the world. And Dickens responded to a profound human sentiment (the sentiment that has made saints and the sanctity of children) when he made the gentler and less-travelled type the type which moderates and controls. Knowledge and innocence are both excellent things, and they are both very funny. But it is right that knowledge should be the servant and innocence the master."

That is Mr. Chesterton at his best. And again:

> "No honest criticism, no criticism, though it spoke with the tongues of men and angels, could ever really talk about Dickens. In all this that I have said I have not been talking about Dickens at all. I say it with equanimity; I say it even with arrogance. I have been talking about the gaps of Dickens. I have been talking about the omissions of Dickens. I have been talking about the slumber of Dickens and the forgetfulness and unconsciousness of Dickens. In one word, I have been talking not about Dickens, but about the absence of Dickens. But when we come to him and his work itself, what is there to be said? What is there to be said about earthquake and the dawn?"

And now I am going to talk about a "gap" in Mr. Chesterton. He makes the—to me—astonishing statement that Mr. Micawber and Edward Dorrit are portraits drawn from the lineaments of one and the same individual. He does not give his authority for the statement, and as I have no authority to deny it, I simply record it in passing with the note of exclamation it seems to call for. And he then goes on to tell us that some secret sorrow must have been gnawing at Dickens's heart before the writer who had given us Micawber, with his eternal and unconquerable resilience, could have given us the portrait of Edward Dorrit. This would seem to be one of those cases, by no means unknown in the history of criticism, in which a strong psychical bias in the nature of the critic has curiously blinded him to a whole plexus of facts and their concomitants. Here let me quote a brief passage which contains the gist of Mr. Chesterton's feelings on the matter:

> "The study of the slow demoralisation of a man through mere misfortune was not a study congenial to Dickens, not in accordance with his original inspiration, not connected in any manner with the special things that he had to say. In a word, the thing is not quite a part of himself; and he was not quite himself when he did it."

It never occurred to me before reading Mr. Chesterton's paper on "Little Dorrit" to wonder at Dickens for having drawn the characters of Micawber, of Harold Skimpole, of Dick Swiveller, and others of that joyous brotherhood to whom debt was the natural and normal condition and the Fleet and the Marshalsea were as much harbours of refuge as places of durance. But having read that paper I did begin to wonder, and I am wondering still—not so much

* "Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens." By G. K. Chesterton. 7s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

that Dickens should have portrayed for us those gleeful souls, but that a critic of Mr. Chesterton's rank, and one who knows his Dickens so well, should not have seen that it was when he painted *them*, and not when he drew Edward Dorrit, he was departing from the strain of sentiment natural to him in dealing with the class to which they all belong—the class of debtors. Dickens's early experiences of the debtors' prison were among the strongest even his receptive and tenacious mind ever received, and the impression they left was, in the main, one of hideous, squalid tragedy—not the tragedy which cleanses and half consoles, but the tragedy which soils and stains; the tragedy, not of "Lear" or "Hamlet," but of "Pot-Bouille" and "L'Assommoir." The little story of "The Queer Client" in "Pickwick" is a case in point, and almost the entire episode of Mr. Pickwick's imprisonment in the Fleet is another. Mivins, Smangle, Roker, and the old cobbler may be ranked as comic characters, but their comedy is of the kind which leaves us with a wry mouth, and the scene of the death of the old debtor of twenty years' standing, ending with Mr. Roker's tremendous epigram, "He has got his discharge, by God!" is among the most terrible things in all literature. I cannot admit Mr. Chesterton's statement that the "slow demoralisation of a man through mere misfortune," or by any other means, "was not a study congenial to Dickens." He has given us many such studies—*e.g.* the slow demoralisation of Mr. Wickfield by trouble *plus* drink; of Richard Carson, owing to the vile atmosphere surrounding the Court of Chancery, against which the man about whom his base suspicions principally centre, has warned him; and again of Pip, the hero of "Great Expectations," who, both as a child and as a mature man, is a model of courage, simplicity, and friendliness, but who as a boy degenerates into a cowardly little snob, until rescued from complete moral degradation by the loss of his fortune, the love of the convict Magwitch, and the tenderness of Joe Gargery. Gridley, "the man from Shropshire" of "Bleak House," is again, though we see him only when his ruin is complete, obviously an instance of a fine nature hopelessly distorted by unfortunate circumstance. Poor Miss Flite, dear little soul as she is, falls into the same sad category. That unappeasable optimism which is the strongest of Mr. Chesterton's characteristics has betrayed him here. The degradation of character by a monotony of evil chance is one of the most terrible and one of the commonest phenomena of life, and had Dickens's work contained no study of that phenomenon he would have been less than the great man he was. If the only results of that criminal imbecility, the old law regulating imprisonment for debt, had been to serve as a background for the lightheartedness of Mr. Micawber, and the devil-may-care gaiety of Dick Swiveller, that law would never have got repealed, and certainly never would have been attacked by Charles Dickens.

This one little flaw apart, Mr. Chesterton's book is a very fine and beautiful piece of work.

HENRY MURRAY.

FIRST COMMONERS OF ENGLAND.*

As will be seen from the comprehensive title-page, Mr. Dasent has set himself a somewhat ambitious task. He has at least written a very charming and delightful book, and with the aid of his publisher, Mr. John Lane, has issued a collection of illustrations that is unique, interesting, and of real historical value. It is a pleasant task to record and praise the skill and care by which church windows, memorial brasses, effigies and tombs in remote country churches, and private galleries have been made to yield their treasures for the purposes of this book. In addition, there are excellent views of Westminster at various periods, and a quaint picture of the House in session during the reign of Charles I., which should be compared with that on the medallion worn by Cromwell in the bust presented by Mr. Wertheimer to the House of Commons. Another most interesting reproduction is that of Henry IV. claiming the throne, from the Harleian Manuscripts. The real charm of the book is that one is led rapidly through a long period of English history with Mr. Dasent as a suggestive and vivacious guide, who knows many amusing stories and has the gift of telling what he knows, while every few pages comes a picture that gives face and form to a man whose name has been familiar since school-days. We all know how the Speaker was once held down in the Chair, but here is Sir John Finch himself.

The most serious contribution of Mr. Dasent to history is his Catalogue of Speakers, and he has succeeded in adding a few names to the list given in Stubbs' and other books. Some of the names he gives before Sir Thomas Hungerford, who is generally described as the first Speaker, ought not, we think, after a reference to the Rolls, to be included in the list of Speakers or presiding officers. Henry Beaumont is given for the Parliament of 1331–2, but he really spoke for the Counts, Barons, and other notables, bringing up a police ordinance which was passed by the Barons, read before the King, Bishops, and Knights, and assented to by them. Geoffrey Le Scrope, who is given for the next Parliament, is described as fulfilling the same duties in the Parliament of 1332 as in that of 1331, of which Henry Beaumont is described as Speaker. William Trunell in 1340 is taken to be Procurator because "he announced a naval victory to the House, and was specially mentioned in the Rolls as undertaking to raise wools for the King's aid." He really came from the King with Arundel and Gloucester to show the King's state and needs, and his name is only one of a long list of those who agreed to the grant of wool. All these early names are those of the King's representatives, and there is no evidence to show that either the Barons or Commons chose the King's representative to preside over their meetings. When our knowledge of Parliament comes to be more exact, from 1376 onward, we find that it is the dominant faction in Parliament that chooses the Speaker. In 1376, though Mr. Dasent gives John Knight as declaring the cause of summons because the Rolls make no mention of Peter de la Mare's election, there is abundant evidence in the *Chronicon Angliæ* that Peter de la Mare acted as Speaker. He was a steward of the Earl of March, and in the next Parliament, which was packed by John of Gaunt, a steward of that great personage was chosen as Speaker. We may note also that the Presentatio of 1461, quoted by Mr. Dasent as setting a new precedent, is practically identical with that given in the Rolls for the Parliament of 1435–6.

The Speakers have for the most part been singularly honourable representatives of the Commons. Few have been so eloquent as Sir Arundel Savage, whom Walter Savage Landor believed to be an ancestor of his own, but few have been so base as Henry VII.'s Empson and Dudley, or the Sir John Trevor who, in 1695, had to put from the Chair a resolution condemning himself as guilty of taking bribes. The resolution was carried, and next day Trevor absented himself and sent the mace with a letter alleging indisposition. He was expelled from the House—the only Speaker ever severely punished by the Commons. "For 170 years," says Mr. Dasent, "the Speakership was farmed by the Law, and that during the least glorious period of its history." On the other hand, "In the darkest days of the Commonwealth the House was jealous of the status and origin of its presiding officer," and the Cromwellian Speakers were members of its knightly families.

* "The Speakers of the House of Commons from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. With a Topographical Description of Westminster at Various Epochs, and a Brief Record of the Principal Constitutional Changes during Seven Centuries." By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With Notes on the Illustrations by John Lane, and a Portrait of Every Speaker where one is known to exist. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

The famous Lenthall made a rather elaborate death-bed repentance, and directed that the words *Vermis sum* should be carved on his tombstone. In 1628 the Commons declared through Sir Edward Coke, that they earnestly desired "the good concurrence between the Lords and them, which they esteemed an Earthly Paradise." Probably the proudest of Speakers was Sir Edward Seymour:

"Once, when his coach broke down at Charing Cross, he ordered the next gentleman's to be stopped and brought to him, and when its occupant expressed surprise, Sir Edward told him that it was more proper for him to walk in the streets than for the Speaker of the House of Commons."

It was more customary for the House to hear sermons in the old days than now, and on a fast-day in 1640 "Dr. Burgess and Master Marshall preached between them for the space of seven hours."

The Speaker was for a long time paid five pounds for every private Bill passed. Constituencies which had to pay their members made desperate efforts to secure their services for less than the standard rate:

"Some amusing instances of payment in kind occur in the fifteenth century, as when John Strange entered into an agreement with the bailiffs of Dunwich to give his attendance at Westminster 'for a cade of full herring' whether the House 'holds long or short,' while Weymouth was able to secure a member at the even cheaper rate of five hundred mackerel. Five shillings a week was all that Ipswich was willing to pay for the services of William Worsop in 1472, whilst John Walworth, the junior member, covenanted to serve for as little as three shillings and fourpence."

Mr. Dasent describes the evolution of the non-party Speaker as the most important modern development in connection with the Chair. More and more difficult duties are placed upon the Speaker's shoulders, but so long as he remains the recognised head of the House, aloof from and above all groups and parties, the president of the greatest assembly in the world will probably be made equal to high duties by the grandeur of his post. In sudden emergencies he may remember what was said of a predecessor: "Shaw Lefevre was the best Speaker I ever knew," said Lord John Russell. "When there was not a precedent he made one, adding 'according to the well-known practice of the House.'"

WALFORD D. GREEN.

Bulstrode Whitelock, 1656-7.

From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "Speakers of the House of Commons," by Arthur Irwin Dasent. (John Lane.)

BROTHER COPAS.*

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch tells us in his foreword that as in an earlier novel he had expressed his faith in his fellows, so in this he has tried to express "something of that corrective scorn which must come sooner or later to every man who puts his faith into practice." His point of study is St. Hospital, a group of cloistered buildings "set in the water-meadows among the ambient streams of Mere," which are inhabited by two sets of Brethren, those of Blanchminster, wearing black gowns with a silver cross at the breast, and the Beauchamp Brethren, in gowns of claret colour with a silver rose, men to whom charitable bequests have given the possibility of ending their days in peace. In thinking of the story after laying it aside one sees most clearly the master of St. Hospital-by-Merton, the Hon. and Rev. Eustace John Wriothesley Blanchminster; his fine tranquil face, his white hair, his delicate hands, and his scholarship are typical of the whole book, though he is but infrequently on the scene. Brother Copas is the central figure; he is the man of ironic laughter, of kindly action, and of shrewd thought; his Greek is impeccable and his verses delightful, while his heart is warm to the weak and suffering. Those brothers who are married have their wives with them, and we wonder if it is inadvertence or conviction which causes Sir Arthur to make all but one of the women so detestable. Among them starts the scandal about Brother Bonaday, whose little girl comes to him from America on the death of that young wife who had deserted him years before. Whose was the child? they asked. Brother Bonaday's, of course. Yes; but who was the mother? That question they answered to their own satisfaction, causing gusts of obscene laughter to rise again and again in St. Hospital. Corona is a downright American child, ready to worship England's antiquities and to give unconsciously to the Brothers a pride in their position which hitherto had been abased by the too-well-remembered fact of charity.

Every character in the book seems to come to us straight from reality, among them Mr. Simeon, the master's secretary, burdened with a large family, a small income, and a very tender conscience, and the Rev. Rufus Colt, young, stalwart, self-satisfied, seeking to impose his will upon all about him, including the comfort of the confessional and other religious forms. That the worn-out old men of St. Hospital did not wish for innovation only meant to him that they must learn what was good for them, and so religious feeling, passion, and scandal sweep into the recesses of that quiet home of rest. It is a book for the literary epicure rather than for the ordinary fiction reader, for part of its charm lies in its scholarly style, in its recognition of those delicate shades of character which are not always appreciated by the many.

* "Brother Copas." By "Q" (Arthur Quiller-Couch). 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

BRAHMS CONTRA MUNDUM.*

Quite a tragic discourse might be written on the evil influence of the admirable music of Brahms in this country. That melancholy treatise shall not be inflicted on the reader just now; but when I write it I shall not omit to record that the bad influence was strong enough, even in 1911, to turn what might have been a sound critical biography of Brahms into a mere manifesto of musical party politics, full of indiscriminate praise of the composer and his friends, and of petty, querulous carping at all

* "Brahms." By J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

other musicians whatsoever. Such a book might have been tolerable, say, in 1890; but to-day it is just as valuable as a volume plaintively asserting that Shakespeare is a great poet, and filled out with summaries of the plots of his best-known plays.

Let us indicate briefly how all this comes to pass. The music of Brahms was a godsend to the pedants who ruled English music in the 'seventies and 'eighties, and whose successors struggle hard to retain that dominion to-day. Wagner was vexing the music circles of Germany, and echoes of the disturbance (including the composer himself) crossed the North Sea and troubled these novelty-hating shores. Now mere negation is never effective opposition. If you wish to smash X you should be pro-Z and not merely anti-X. In other words, the opponents of Wagner found in Brahms a very handy big stick. The incredibly bumptious Declaration against modernism in music to which Brahms set his name in 1860 marked him out as a champion of the formal, classical school: he was, as it were, distinctly labelled "Music (old style)," an ineffable comfort to the Philistines of this country, where the label counts for almost everything. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Brahms was admired for the wrong reason—because his form was old and not because his matter was new. He was taken up by very respectable people; he became the darling of select, superior persons; and, in particular, he was the moral theme of professors, doctors, presidents, baronets, and other Court flunkeys of St. Cecilia. When Wagner was mentioned or the phrase "Music of the Future" uttered, these people all replied: "Brahms is the only genuine modern composer, because he says the same old things in the same old way"; and having poured out their choicest Billingsgate upon the head of Wagner, they proceeded to perform Brahms in the "same old way," so that respectable audiences could take their pleasures sadly as aforetime, and comfort themselves with the moral reflection that duty and dulness were allied as they always should be.

Meanwhile, as time went on, the real discriminating admirers of Brahms were to be found where you would expect to find them, namely, at the concerts where Hans Richter, like the grand fellow that he is, was educating those capable of the process on an impartial regimen of Brahms, Beethoven, and Wagner, and clearly demonstrating that Brahms was by no means "the same old thing in the same old way." Now, if you please, in spite of the notorious violence of the Brahms coteries against Wagner, the Brahmsite would have us believe that the pure music of his master was vilely attacked by disreputable Wagnerians, and saved only by the earnest efforts of devoted apostles at Cambridge and elsewhere. To all this there is a complete refutation in one word—Richter. If another is needed—Henschel. David Bispham's enthusiasm for Wagner was matched by his zeal in the cause of Brahms, and his exquisite singing of both was a feature of London music in the 'nineties. It was he who first sang the "Four Serious Songs" here, and his name should certainly be given in a book that praises some less worthy of remembrance. It seems pretty plain that the wild Brahmsites who survive have not really changed. The battle of Wagner has been fought and won, but there is some one else to be up against, so the tankards of slander and abuse are emptied out upon the head of Richard Strauss. The Brahmsites are still uncritical. They can see no difference between the Violin Concerto and the Double Concerto—are they not both concertos, and are they not both by Brahms? They still insist that you shall regard Brahms not merely as a great composer, but as the greatest of composers; and they still hire their friends to attack a saner critic by garbling his phrases and perpetrating tasteful jocularities on his name and probable ancestry. We had the same sort of thing in the case of Browning; and there are still some rather withered survivors who assert that Browning is greater than Shakespeare or Milton or Wordsworth, and demonstrate the extent of their critical ability by an equal estimate of "Pacchiarotto" and "Paracelsus."

The book, as I have indicated, is a lost opportunity. It is precisely what a critical biography of Brahms at this date ought not to be. Sir Hubert Parry's recent volume on Bach is an excellent example of how a volume of this kind should be written. Here, there are passages that might be relevant if a devil's advocate were preparing a case against Liszt, but that are merely ill-natured in a book on Brahms. Fortunately, the documentary parts of the volume are good, and the illustrations delightful.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A GREAT IRISH SOLDIER.*

Whether as a vigorous and picturesque narrative of adventures in many lands or as a valuable contribution to the military and political history of the Empire, the Autobiography of the late Sir William Butler possesses an absorbing interest.

William Francis Butler was born in Tipperary in 1838, the seventh child of his father, who belonged to a cadet branch of the Ormond family. At the age of four he was sent to live with a maternal aunt and uncle near Dublin. One day he was taken to the Richmond Penitentiary, as the prison was called. There he saw a group of strange men, with one very big burly man in the midst of them. Suddenly the big man came forward, and, taking the child in his arms, lifted him up above his head, and shouted in a great strong voice, "Hurrah for Tipperary!" The big man was Daniel O'Connell, then a prisoner in Richmond Jail.

After four years' absence the boy returned to his home in Tipperary, "then swarming with people" and dotted with innumerable peasants' cabins. Within a few months all was changed. The famine, which was destined to denude Ireland of four millions of her inhabitants, and to change the face as well as the character of the country, broke out. "A second or third-rate despot," writes Butler, "could have parried the blow, but a Constitutional Government, face to face with a sudden crisis, is as helpless as a stranded whale in an ebb-tide."

The dark days which followed the famine years produced a marked impression on the mind of young Butler, as they certainly affected his fortunes by depleting the family purse, at no time over well filled.

After an uneventful school career, Butler was nominated to a direct commission without purchase, through the interest of his kinsman, Sir Richard Doherty, and was gazetted ensign in the 69th Regiment, whose depôt was at Fermoy. He was then in his twentieth year. This is how he describes his brother officers, many of whom had served in the Crimean War:

> "The majority of them were splendid fellows; that long siege had been a wonderful school for the forming of manly characters. They had a type and manner of their own. Their hair was not cut short, as in the present day, but was worn long over the ears; they had large fuzzy whiskers, with moustaches which went straight into them. They smoked much, and some of them drank a good deal, but they carried their liquor well. . . . The colonel, Isaac Moore, had risen from the ranks."

Butler's first experience of service was at Limerick, where he was told off to protect the Court-house, where polling was being carried on, from the violence of the mob. Next year he sailed with the details of his regiment for Burmah. He remained for four years in India, and then returned with his regiment to England. On the old Army and the new, Sir William makes these characteristic reflections:

> "I shall never forget the sorry contrast that presented itself on the bank of the Siltang River at Tonghoo, where one draft

* "Sir William Butler: an Autobiography." By Lieut.-Gen. the Rt. Hon. Sir W. F. Butler, G.C.B. 16s. net. (Constable.)

of a hundred and twenty men of the new model formed up on the high shore from the boats. The old soldiers had come down from the big teak huts to see the new arrivals. The contrast between the two sets of men was not flattering to the newcomers. The 69th Regiment had been in the West Indies during the Crimean War. The men were thus of the old type, men of splendid physique and well-chiselled features. I often look now as soldiers pass, and marvel what has become of these old Greek gods, for not only are the figures gone, but the faces have also vanished—those straight, clean-cut foreheads, the straight or aquiline noses, the keen steady eyes, the resolute lower jaws and shapely turned chins."

In 1868 Butler succeeded Lieut. Redvers Buller in charge of the "Look Out" on the Canadian frontier. Buller he describes as the best type of regimental officer possible to be found. "Young, active, daring, as keen for service as he was ready to take the fullest advantage of it, he stood even then in the front rank of those young and ardent spirits."

In 1870 came the turning-point in Butler's career. He was in Ireland when he learned that Colonel Wolseley, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, was to take command of a small expedition on the Red River. Butler at once cabled a request to be remembered, and caught the first boat for New York, arriving in Toronto just in time. Colonel Wolseley was leaving for Lake Superior on the following day, and there was no berth vacant. Butler suggested his appointment as Intelligence Officer, was accepted, and ordered at once to Montreal. As all the world knows, the Fenian Invasion turned out a fiasco, and in a little while Butler was almost alone in Canada. He had now twelve years' service, and had been purchased over five or six times by officers, most of them many years his junior.

He returned to England, and, presenting himself at the War Office, asked for a half-pay company, which was refused, on the ground that it would confer purchase rights. However, in April, 1872, he was gazetted to an unattached company, and in the following year he sailed for the Gold Coast to join Sir Garnet Wolseley, and from that time he never looked back. After the Ashanti War, as he lay in Netley Hospital, he was visited by the Queen, who said to him, "When Sir Garnet Wolseley rode up to my carriage at the Windsor Review, the Duke of Cambridge whispered to me, 'If you wish to please Sir Garnet, the first question should be an inquiry for Captain Butler.'" For his services he was promoted to a majority, and received the C.B.

When Lord Ripon was appointed Viceroy of India, he desired to take Butler with him as private secretary, but Mr. Gladstone disapproved, on the ground that a Roman Catholic Viceroy was a sufficient experiment without the addition of a Roman Catholic secretary. Butler, therefore, continued his military career.

In 1890 Ireland was in the throes of the struggle between Parnell and the majority of his former followers, or, to speak more truly, between Parnell and the priests. Butler was a devout Catholic, but, without hesitation, he took the side of Parnell passionately, and with the same fearlessness which he had shown on all other occasions where a question of principle was involved. He was then commanding the troops at Alexandria, and from time to time patriotic poems appeared in the pages of *United Ireland*, signed W. F. B., appealing to the Irish to rally round their leader. I confess to a feeling of disappointment at not finding some of these poems, at least, included in the present volume.

I come at length to the last phase but one of Sir William Butler's career, which dates from his appointment to the South African command, and the terrible ordeal through which he passed subsequently, to emerge, after years of insult and obloquy, with, as he picturesquely phrases it, the sun on his side of the hedge.

Before leaving to take up the command, Butler had an interview with the Colonial Secretary. Many things were passed in review dealing with South Africa. "The Dutch Republics," writes Butler, "were once mentioned. 'If they should force us to attack them,' said the Secretary, 'then the blow would have to be a crushing one.' . . . I went out blindfold to South Africa in 1898."

To show the fitness of those who were controlling the destinies of the Empire in South Africa for their task, one incident, which is worthy of comic opera, may be given. The garrison of Ladysmith was increased, so that its cavalry and artillery arms should have a "steadying effect on the Boers." It was especially strong in artillery, having eighteen field guns of the most recent pattern. A display of this powerful arm was arranged, and a number of Boers were invited to witness the exhibition. On Waggon Hill some twenty Kaffir goats were tethered. At a given signal the firing began at a distance of three thousand yards. On the "Cease Fire," visitors and hosts rode to Waggon Hill to view the slaughter. Twenty-two goats were found on the hill, with two newly born kids amongst them, but there were no dead!

From the beginning Butler sent home words of warning, but they were ignored. Here is a letter, dated February 8, 1899, written from the War Office. It is easy to guess the name of the writer. "We are doing little here. I struggle to get the Army into fighting efficiency, but it is no easy work under present conditions; more and more the W. O. clerk is becoming the real ruler of the Army, and views and objects are paid less and less attention to."

Of the dramatic justification of Butler it is unnecessary, even if it were not painful, to speak. It is difficult within the limits of a review to give an adequate idea of the charm of the work, of its literary style, of the wit and humane humour which inform it throughout, and, above all, of the personality of this great Irish soldier, whose epitaph was written centuries ago:

> "Justum et tenacem propositi virum
> Mon civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solida."

H. A. HINKSON.

SONGS OF A WANDERER.*

Monsieur Sarrazin is best known in this country for his two most enlightening works, "La Renaissance de la poésie anglaise" and "Poètes modernes de l'Angleterre," but in France his more recent history of "Les Grands Poètes romantiques de la Pologne" and his beautiful, poetic romances have also gained him no little literary glory. Apart from his bookmanly repute there is, also, another side of his story, well known to his personal friends, and seeing that it has been already made known to the public by his compatriot, the late Edouard Rod, it will be no breach of confidence to refer to it here.

Monsieur Sarrazin's reputation having attracted the notice of a member of the Ministry of the day, he had the young littérateur placed upon the magistracy, and as a recognition of his talents gave him a judicial post at Numéa! Sarrazin accepted the unenviable appointment and went off to New Caledonia, but his health soon giving way he bade farewell to the convict colony, not without a benediction for his good behaviour, and returned to France. As a reward, upon his home-coming, he was made a Justice of the Peace and henceforward, as Edouard Rod pointed out, he has consecrated his existence to adjudicating upon the petty incidents of provincial life. For twenty years this dreamer of poet-dreams, this idealist, whose errant imagination penetrates to the very uttermost bounds of thought, through the irony of fate has had to devote his time and energy to the settlement of village squabbles. Instead of regarding himself as superior to his work Monsieur

* "La Chanson du Poète Errant: Petits Pcèmes en prose." Par Gabriel Sarrazin. 3 fr. 50. (Perrin et Cie., Paris.)

Sarrazin has adapted himself to his surroundings; studies his cases with scrupulous care, and does not disdain to attend to all the trivialities of his office. According to report he is a model *juge de paix*. The sole ambition of this hero, *malgré lui*, is to be left to realise his ideals after his own fashion, which fashion it is almost needless to assert is not the mode of Baudelaire. He is no decadent, and does not attempt to hymn the beauty of deformity, although his is "poetical prose, musical without rhythm and without rhyme." Gabriel Sarrazin demands no compensation for his literary performances, beyond the satisfaction of accomplishing his aims, and it was with much difficulty that some of his admirers gained his consent to recommend his work on the Polish poets to the French Academy, which institution has already thrice honoured itself by "crowning" three separate works by him. Although Monsieur Sarrazin publishes these poems in prose, the spirit of Poesy is so all-prevalent in them the reader is forced to wonder why their author has refrained from confining them within the conventional forms of lyrical verse, to which bonds his words and ideas would so readily adjust themselves. Monsieur Sarrazin in writing his poems in prose appears to offer them as confirmation of Joubert's dictum that there are "prosateurs nés poètes, sans naître versificateurs."

This collection justifies its title of "errant" by the fact that the poems have been composed in various places, from dear old Heidelberg unto mysterious Souk-Ahras, but it must not be assumed that the author is a wandering minstrel of the type familiar to France from the days of Villon to those of Verlaine. Everything about this man and his work, however original in tone and timbre the latter may be, is indicative of perfect sanity. The lucidity of his thought is paralleled by the clarity of its expression. A great poet deemed suffering the source of song, and although Sarrazin is too sincere an admirer of Shelley to dispute the saying, his own theory is that the poetic instinct becomes torpid if its possessor lingers too long in a sedentary and monotonous life, and needs travel to awaken it into life.

His invocation, "O château palatin d'Heidelberg, ruine colossale et délicate, ô lieu magique! Murailles ceintes de lierre, sculptures délicieuses, fleurs de pierre à moitié détruites et combien plus touchants," serves as a prelude to the general pathos of his volume. It is more than usually difficult to select from such a work wherein each poem, although dated far apart in time and place from the preceding piece, appears to grow out of and to carry on the spirit of the former one, but as evidence of the author's verbal melody the following short piece, "La Cloche," so suggestive and sorrowful, may be cited:

"Un jour où j'écoutais votre voix suave, et durant l'extase où m'avait plongé la musique de cette voix céleste, tout à coup la cloche de l'église voisine tinta sur mon extase. Elle eut une mélopée triste et lente, la mélopée des heures où elle salue la mort. Je frissonnai, mon cœur s'angoissa: mais votre voix céleste continua de planer, de plus en plus pure et lointaine, au-dessus du glas de l'église, au-dessus du frisson de mon cœur. Alors je sentis que de la cloche et vous, la cloche seule était sœur de mon âme; sa prescience aimante pleurait sur ma fleur intérieure, sur mon amour à peine éclos et déjà condamné, touché par l'aile de la mort.

"L'entendez-vous, l'éternité qui tinte, l'éternité de l'adieu?"

Completely different in style, although bathed in an atmosphere of similar melancholy to that in which all these poems are enveloped—a sadness which

"resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain,"—

is "Tout cela ne fut qu'en mon âme," a splendid piece of verbal colouring. Space forbids quotation, as it does also from "Arles," wherein in forcible verse the poet recalls from the mist of past ages apparitions of the people and incidents which have rendered the ancient city of Provence famous for all time. A gem in this collection is "Domus." It appeals strongly to the troubled spirit of those who, worn with the work and worry of the day, seek in the familiar precincts of home the nepenthë of rest. May Gabriel Sarrazin find many such years of happiness and repose in his *dulce domum*.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

THE GLAMOUR OF SPAIN.

In these two ponderous and amply illustrated volumes upon "Spain,"* Mr. Albert F. Calvert covers much of the ground traversed in his "Spanish Series." Vol. I. takes us on a prolonged itinerary from Toledo to Madrid; thence to Asturias and Galicia, and across Castile to Cataluña. From Teruel, bordering on Tarragona, we track northwards again to the Basque Provinces, ending our journey at Montserrat, near Barcelona. These haphazard excursions are apt to bewilder the reader. It would have been better if the compiler had mapped out the tour with some heed to the compass, instead of hurrying us backwards and forwards from La Mancha and the central plains to the snow-capped mountains of the north, and then to the fertile coast of the east.

The second volume of this work is rather more rational in scheme, and we feel less breathless while turning its broad pages. Taken as a whole, "Spain" is a fairly comprehensive sketch of the chief places of interest. The wealth of pictures in the two volumes compensates largely for the somewhat humdrum descriptions with the pen. There are no less than 1,356 reproductions from water-colour sketches and photographs adorning the pages of these quarto tomes. Nearly all of the half-tone pictures are instructive, though we have seen some of them in other volumes.

Mr. Trevor Haddon has caught the glamour of ancient Spain in his sketches, but seductive clarity and warmth of

* "Spain." By Albert F. Calvert. 2 Vols. With Hundreds of Illustrations. £2 2s. (Dent & Sons.)

Professor Tarrida Del Marmol, B.Sc., C.E.
A Spanish scientist and revolutionary thinker.
From "The Truth About Spain," by G. H. B. Ward. (Cassell.)

Statue of Cervantes.
From "Spain," by Albert F. Calvert. (Dent.)

colour have carried him away in some instances. These are, however, illustrations that will please the eye of many when turning over the pages of the handsomely bound volumes in the drawing-room. For the books are undoubtedly ornamental and well produced.

"Spain" is not a mere catalogue of the antiquities and works of art. We may learn something of the manners of the people from north to south, and there are references to modern industries, arts, and literature.

The account of Galicia is interesting—chiefly because that part of Spain has not been over-described by travellers. I agree with Mr. Calvert that the Gallegos are "worthy of study." This kingdom by the Atlantic is the home of some of the most cultured and progressive of Spanish thinkers and politicians. The praise bestowed upon Pontevedra is not too lavish. But is it true that "of Vigo and Betanzos there is little to tell"? I have just spent some days in the wonderful old town of Betanzos, and it seems to me there is much to say about the history and the castle, the thirteenth-century churches, the legend of the hundred virgins, and the beauty of the steep, mediæval streets.

The account of the Balearic Islands is useful, and the illustrations give an impression of the fertility and charm of Mallorca. It is gratifying also to find some pages and fifteen illustrations descriptive of the Roman town of Saguntum. These volumes certainly create a longing to visit the towns so alluringly illustrated. The work comes to an end with the inevitable chapter on bull-fighting, with numerous scenes in the arena, and portraits of espadas.

"Valencia and Murcia" is the new volume of Mr. Calvert's "Spanish Series."* It contains about forty pages of letterpress and a fine collection of illustrations, numbering nearly three hundred. Valencia is known to the admirers of Blasco Ibañez by his excellent novels describing the life of this ancient kingdom. Mr. Calvert supplies a brief history of the Roman and Moorish conquests, and points out the buildings of interest in the principal towns of the provinces of Valencia and Murcia.

"The Truth About Spain"* is in the nature of "revelations" by a writer who partly disarms the critic by asserting that he is free from prejudice, and that his desire is to help in a measure towards the social reconstruction of a country that he loves. There is no doubt that Mr. Ward has tried to understand the Spanish people and their problems. I saw his book in the hands of an educated Spaniard, in a remote town of the province of La Coruña, and my friend was enthusiastic in acclaiming "The Truth About Spain" as a very fair review of the political situation. On the following day, a leader-writer for a Madrid journal informed me that the volume was aptly named. Certainly such testimony from two thoughtful Spaniards is valuable. But Mr. Ward will agree with me that there are in Spain a very large number of malcontents who have scarcely a good word for their country and its institutions. These critics are in strong contrast to the ultra-patriotic Spaniards, who number thousands. Truth is to be found in the mean between these camps.

Mr. Ward has accumulated a surprising store of facts, which, at a glance, seem almost conclusive evidence that the state of Spain is parlous indeed. But the author is more of a statistician than a psychologist, and in spite of his avowed sympathy, one feels that he is unable to understand and express the spirit of Spain. Mr. Ward may reply that the object of his careful investigation was to set down all the conspicuous evils of the legislative, clerical and industrial systems, and not to proclaim Spanish virtues, or to analyse the Spanish mind.

The romance and glamour of Spain have not blinded the writer of this relentless dissection of the Church and the Government. He looks for evils, and he finds them readily. A like investigation conducted in this country would provide matter for a scathing indictment. Yet the book is distinctly informative. It is certainly right that the terrible effects of the despotic rule of the Caciques should be plainly exposed. It is well also that complacent persons should be reminded now and again that Rome extracts vast revenues from a nation groaning beneath grave industrial problems, and that the Church is hostile towards free speech, broad education, and religious dissent. These evils, the system of land tenure, the undue taxation of the poor, and the low wages are the causes of the anarchism that sometimes vents its anger in violent deeds. All this is true, and Mr. Ward piles up his facts in a convincing manner.

I take it that the author would like to see Spain "Europeanised." If so, he is not wise in his counsel. The country must be reformed from within, in accordance with national temperament and ideals. This is not saying that Spaniards are incapable of receptivity. There are to-day in Spain reformers of high moral integrity and burning zeal who realise that regeneration is not to be attained by worshipping the ideals of the commercial races.

WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

PICARESQUE.†

Any future student who should happen upon the bibliographical history of Captain Brazenhead—and the man is of such elemental stuff that the future may well retain a delight in him—might think that he had lighted upon a strange literary tangle. To put the matter chronologically.

* "Valencia and Murcia." (The Spanish Series.) Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

* "The Truth About Spain." By G. H. B. Ward. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell & Co.)

† "Brazenhead the Great." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

About ten years ago Mr. Maurice Hewlett published a volume of "New Canterbury Tales." A little later he made the tellers of those tales themselves the actors in a romantic story which appeared in a magazine as "A Fond Adventure." In 1905 he published a volume of four stories with the comprehensive title "Fond Adventures," including the magazine tale, the name of which had been borrowed for the book, under the new name of "Brazenhead the Great." Now we have another volume of four stories to which the collective title of "Brazenhead the Great" is given, and in it the already twice-named tale reappears as "The Captain of Kent." It sounds somewhat unusually complicated, and therefore perhaps not unfitting to be the literary history of a somewhat unusual man—Captain Salomon Brazenhead, who was certainly deserving of the honour of having a whole volume devoted to his exploits. That portion of the book which makes its reappearance under a third name has found its fitting place as part of a quaternary of adventures of which the great man is the dominating figure.

Captain Brazenhead's records are spread over such a stretch of years as to suggest that he must have carried on his vigorous truculence to an unusually late age. The first and last adventures recorded in this veracious chronicle are separated by seventy-five years. In a preliminary "Invocation to the Muse, and Exordial Matters" the author acknowledges that the splendid mendacity of his hero—in 1428 "the greatest liar in all France"—makes exactitude with regard to these immaterial details unattainable. The story, like the play, however, is the thing, and in reading how Captain Brazenhead fought with his younger self in a tremendous encounter, in which both were slain, in 1477, the reader need not be troubled by remembering that it was as long before as 1402 that he had killed the Duke of Milan's hired assassin, or by the consequent calculations which would prove him to have been a centenarian at the time of "The Last Adventure."

It will be seen that the stories in which the great Captain figures belong to that fifteenth century which Mr. Hewlett has described as belonging to the Childhood of the World; it may well be gathered that the stories are of great adventures, of the clashing of arms (and of wits), of wrong-doing on a kind of epic scale that makes us think less of the moral aspects of the deed than of its greatness to the eye, of vivid colouring, rapid action, and ever-varying incident. Salomon Brazenhead compels our interest by the greatness of his conceptions, the grand vigour of his actions, the unhesitating readiness of his tongue We feel that in him Mr. Hewlett greatly personifies those qualities which impel us, while saying that a man is a scoundrel, to admit that he is a fascinating scoundrel. Of the great times of Romance, when swords flashed at the slightest provocation, and blood flowed without stint, of the Romance that glories in hot-blooded love and hot-headed fighting, Mr. Hewlett proves himself anew a fine historian in these chronicles of the great Captain.

In the first story we see Captain Brazenhead, having slain a man in "a ding-dong passage of arms of one hundred and thirty seconds," become assassin-retainer to the Duke of Milan, a little later to be on the very throne of Milan, and magnanimously abdicating in favour of the man whom he might have superseded. In the next story, some quarter of a century later, the scene is in France and Captain Brazenhead is seen concerned in the romantic affairs of the Countess Picpus—so deeply concerned that before long he *is* the Count and sets about making a Bordeaux sewing-wench the Countess. In the third story we have the already twice-told tale of how Brazenhead took part in a Canterbury pilgrimage in the days of Jack Cade. Then comes the last adventure—the adventure metaphysical as it might be termed—culminating in a terrific contest between the aged swashbuckler and his young self, a contest which ends in the death of each on the sword of the other. "Thus fell in the year of grace 1477, Salomon Brazenhead the Great, seventh son of a seventh son, born miraculously in the seventh month."

Told in a picturesque and vigorous fashion, sometimes with a volubility which Brazenhead himself might have envied, and once or twice with a coarseness that he might have taught, the stories, full of life and colour, are of a kind that will delight all readers with a taste for the picaresque in fiction. It might perhaps be said that all readers at some time or another possess the taste, that it is the harmless manifestation of that innate lawlessness which social circumstance has brought us to keep in cheek practically, but which we delight the more in exercising imaginatively. Brazenhead the Great, masterful, resourceful, unprincipled, and unfearing, would have been an unpleasant fellow to encounter in enmity, but an entertaining companion in loquacious mood—with quarrelling out of the question. He is most entertaining, however, as the hero of a book and that book the work of such a master of his craft as Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

WALTER JERROLD.

THERE WERE GIANTS.*

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations." Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is a grandson of the Pre-Raphaelites, and this book begins "My dear Kids," so I presume that they too will suffer for the greatness of their ancestors. For greatness, if not exactly a sin, is something that Mr. Hueffer learnt to regard with some resentment as he quailed in boyhood in the presence of the giants of that time. I am not sure that I believe he quailed. There are passages in his book that bear a very different interpretation. But this is what he says:

> "To me life was simply not worth living because of the existence of Carlyle, of Mr. Ruskin, of Mr. Holman Hunt, of Mr. Browning, or of the gentleman who built the Crystal Palace. These people were perpetually held up to me as standing upon unattainable heights, and at the same time I was perpetually being told that if I could not attain to these heights I might just as well not cumber the earth. What was there left for me? Nothing. Simply nothing."

That is very distressing, but it has not prevented Mr. Hueffer from writing a great number of books, of which this is certainly among the most entertaining. Most of the many books about the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood have been written by its members or by those who were anxious to prove that they were such. Mr. Hueffer is not old enough to share their fortune or ambition, and the point of view from which he describes them is that of the small child to whom they are held up as examples. He saw them, so to speak, over the banisters, and the result is new and fresh. He is concerned to give an impression of those stirring times in which he was born and grew up, and to compare them with those in which his children are growing up to-day. He has none of the ambitions of the chronicler; the only axe he has to grind is the property tomahawk of entertainment, and so he writes with a magnificent freedom that, though the historian may distrust, the simple reader cannot do better than enjoy. What does it matter if a story about one person really belonged to another? What does it matter if a story about Carlyle could never have happened at all? This last perfectly charming anecdote represents Carlyle bribing a waiter to lend him a white apron, and waiting on Schiller and Goethe who, in court dress with wigs and swords, were drinking coffee under a hawthorn tree in bloom. Of course it never happened but in the brain of Madox Brown's little grandson. But it is a pretty story and quite good psychology to write it down in that small boy's reminis-

* "Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The Mother of the Rossettis.

"The Rossettis always circled round Bloomsbury."

From "Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections," by Ford Madox Hueffer. (Chapman & Hall.)

cences. "The great," he says, were common in his grandfather's house:

"I could not think that D. G. Rossetti was a person any more remarkable than the gentleman with gold braid round his hat who opened for me the locked gates of Fitzroy Square, nor when I shook hands with a clergyman called Franz Liszt was it any more of an event than when, as I was enjoined to do, I performed the same ceremony with the cook's husband."

That sentence is probably much nearer the truth than his complaint of the excessive illumination of his times. I do not believe he was overawed by it a bit. His book is not in the least respectful. In it, as in a hilarious pantomime, William Morris hurls suet puddings at Red Lion Mary's forehead, Madox Brown swears at "damned Academicians," Hunt calls Madox Brown "a notorious liar" and Rossetti "a common thief," and Madox Brown's grandson tells all these stories, stands in the middle of the carpet, in front of the fire, and philosophises not in a whisper but at the top of a cheerful voice. It is a fine, large, high-spirited pantomime, but at the end of it we do not feel any increase in our respect for Harlequin, Columbine, Policeman, or Pantaloon. We have enjoyed it, and laughed a great deal, and watched with real interest Mr. Hueffer's "transformation scene" from the 'seventies to 1911. For, in spite of his proud inaccuracy in detail, perhaps on that account, he certainly contrives to mark a very vivid contrast between our life and that of our fathers. His book was worth writing and is worth reading. It ends on a note of hope for life and despair for letters. "For the world is a good place, but the letters that I try to stand up for are about to die." Are these the letters P.R.B., or are they a special brand of literature? It does not matter. The times are no longer out of joint. The world "is not so full of the lights of individualities, but it is not so full of shadow for the obscure. For," he says, "you must remember that I always considered myself to be the most obscure person—a very small, a very sinful, a very stupid child." He has triumphantly survived the purple that was round his youth, and the time may soon come when his "kids," as with aggressive modernity he likes to call them, are a little older, when "the little limbs are stronger," and they too may fly away, and he, like the Victorian giants whose height and girth he resented, may expect to suffer in his turn by such irreverent reminiscences as his own.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.*

Théroigne de Mericourt was a puzzling character, and the estimates of her differ as much as her portraits. The painting in the Musée Carnavalet shows her prettiness, her waywardness of will, and inherent weakness of character; Greuze made her a pretty courtesan, while Dervitz gives us a virago. The truth seems to have been reached by Miss Frank Hamel in her interesting and instructive volume. Théroigne was in every sense a child of her time. After a neglected up-bringing she acquired moderate wealth without having had any kind of training in the use of money. She had some true friends like the Marquis de Persan, but an unpetted and unloved girlhood left her without the knowledge how to receive and value affection. So that this woman, eminently generous and devoted to those dependent on her, accepted the generosity of others with ingratitude. She had never known a settled home, and was early possessed by the demon of unrest; it was not surprising, therefore, that she was caught by the Revolution. Not strong enough to resist its excitement and vehemence, and without any understanding of the rights of the people, or "in the least knowing why," she joined the popular party. She learnt later, and no doubt, as Miss Hamel says, she thrilled with compassion at the sufferings which had culminated in that terrible turning of the worm, and her "eloquent tongue and heart" enabled her to gain whole regiments to the popular cause when, clad in a red habit and armed with a sabre, she rode up and down the ranks.

Even allowing for the exaggerations of historians, her influence was undoubtedly very great. Perhaps it was that, belonging to the peasant class, she understood instinctively the right note to strike in addressing them; her strong artistic sense, and her travels in England and in Italy, had also added to her natural gift of language and given her an experience superior to that possessed by those whom she addressed. These things and her reckless courage may account for her great popularity. She was probably a spectator of the attack on the Bastille, and admitted being concerned in the events of July 17 following. She became acquainted with Pétion and others of note, and took an active part at Versailles on October 5, and when later the Revolution assumed its more tragic aspect she was present at the attack on the Tuileries, and there went about, as Dr. John Moore described, rallying the revolutionaries and "attacking a second time at the head of the Marseillais." From that time she continued to preach war and slaughter. Nearly all the leaders who acted with her died violent deaths, but any violence was better than the miserable fate which awaited poor Théroigne in the cold wet cells of the Salpetrière. Of all these things Miss Hamel treats with understanding and with insight; she gives us in "A Woman of the Revolution" a picturesque and stirring story of a curiously attractive personality and an absorbingly interesting time.

M. M.

* "A Woman of the Revolution: Théroigne de Mericourt." By Frank Hamel. With photogravure frontispiece and 16 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.*

Mr. W. L. Courtney has recorded how Mrs. Craigie was once genuinely pleased, yet alarmed, at a discrimination between the formal and real aspects of her personality made by Mr. Comyns Carr at a dinner when she responded to the toast of "Literature." He courteously abstained from discussing Mrs. Craigie's manifold gifts in her presence, but declared that he had no hesitation in dealing roundly with Mr. John Oliver Hobbes, whose many hostages to fortune exposed him to criticism. Mr. Courtney emphatically corroborates Mr. Carr. He says:

"Mrs. Craigie was essentially different from John Oliver Hobbes, because the second name was an invented, elaborately conceived, and diligently executed puppet, thrown forward into the public arena to conceal the lineaments of the first. A sensitive, emotional, almost shy human being, if it be her fate to enter the lists, will naturally accept a convenient disguise. Mrs. Craigie chose to be known as a mundane philosopher, with rationalistic instincts—at heart she was a pietist, who felt acutely with every nerve and fibre of her being."

Mrs. Craigie: London, 1872.

From "The Life of John Oliver Hobbes." With a biographical sketch by her father, John Morgan Richards. (John Murray.)

Mr. Courtney enjoyed the high pleasure of her friendship and speaks, therefore, with the authority of personal knowledge as well as with that of recognised critical judgment. Nevertheless, it is remarkable how little alteration or addition to the conception formed of the personality of the author of the books signed John Oliver Hobbes by one who did not know her is necessitated by perusal of this authoritative biography of Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie. Certainly this gifted woman presents no instance of dual personality analogous to that presented by William Sharp. To read this Life deepens regret that one did not know her, and so was not brought within the range of her personal magnetic influence and alert, acute intelligence, but it does not modify, except by amplifying, one's previous estimate of her character and temperament as self-expressed in her art. It stirs another regret: that such length of days was not granted to her that some day—long years hence—she might have written her autobiography. What a book that would have been! Highly cultivated, widely travelled, and endowed with a genius for friendship, she would have had all that is most interesting in at least three continents to draw upon for her reminiscences, and in addition to her reputation as a novelist and dramatist, upon the durability of which it is idle to speculate now, she might have established a claim upon the gratitude of remote posterity as the most shrewd, witty, pictorial, and reliable chronicler of the social life of her period. *Dis aliter visum.* And since the life to be recorded was short, and the task of recording it fell to other hands, we are glad that the necessary memoir has been prepared by people who are jealous to preserve her reputation as a woman of fastidious delicacy of feeling. There are no concessions here to the impertinent curiosity of an age that finds personalities more intriguing than personality. The world has a legitimate desire to know something of the private life of reputable authors in order that it may understand and appreciate their books more fully. The letters of which this memoir is mainly composed have been edited severely to satisfy this proper demand, but yet afford no material for that scandalous gossip which defiles the head round which it buzzes. The biographical sketch of his daughter supplied by Mr. John Morgan Richards is the work of a great gentleman dignified in grief, and does honour to himself as well as to his child. And serving adequately to suggest the warmth and lovableness of the woman removed from them too soon and in circumstances adding pathos to the natural fact of death, contributions are made to the volume by Bishop Welldon and Father Gavin which are as vibrant with emotion five years after the event as are the elegiac tributes made by Mr. Choate much earlier and by Lord Curzon, Monsignor Brown, and Mr. Owen Seaman on the occasion of the unveiling of her memorial in University College. Composite biography, such as this, has inevitable and obvious defects; but it has compensating merits, not the least of which is the cumulative effect of many voices consenting in discriminating praise. Her books remain the proof of Mrs. Craigie's exceptional cleverness. This Life is the just tribute to her womanly goodness.

It is rather a melancholy book upon the whole. Mr. Richards says that his daughter never spoke in his presence of any premonition that she would not live long, but the idea appears in so many of her letters that it is not merely fanciful to say that she lived with the shadow of death before her eyes. And to her the shadow was alluring. Free from the least tinge of morbidity, she was never free from acute mental suffering caused by the spectacle of life itself, by the struggle to keep going, and by the eternal fight against discouragement, stupidity, and cruelty. It was a fact, not a pose, that she was an alien in the world. Long training enabled her to play her part in it, but for years she was trying to cheat exhaustion. "Mind in the long run always feeds upon heart," she says in one of her books, and in one of these letters she says: "My heart . . . is sound physically, and I *ought* to live by all the rules of the physical game—the laws of the spiritual game are more determined—if more elusive! No one was ever meant to see life as plainly as I see it, and remain in it."

* "The Life of John Oliver Hobbes, Told in her Correspondence." With a Biographical Sketch by John Morgan Richards. 12s. net. (Murray.)

One turns from the biography to the novels, and the same idea seems dominant. "My one consolation is that the conflict must end soon," says Tessa Marlesford in her last letter to Firmalden. "Women of my type, who are not strong enough physically to bear the strain of moral suffering, very soon, and gladly, flicker out. We are designed to be *filles de joie* (not in the sinister sense), and although we may have the courage to face hard things, and the faith that can accept hard sayings, God mercifully allows us to die early in the fight. Do not you doubt that I have made a good little fight. My religion helps me to die, it cannot make me live. . . ." Very soon, and gladly! There should be comfort there for those who mourn her. This Life enables the rest of us to form some estimate of their loss, and is a valuable supplement to our knowledge of one of the most brilliant women novelists of our time, in respect of intellectual chastity perhaps the most remarkable of all.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

TYPES OF HEROINES.

There is no doubt about the truth of the recent discovery that the heroine of fiction is just now undergoing with uncommon rapidity a marked change. The type that now engages the fancies of our popular story-writers is not, in many ways, the creature that tugged at our heart-strings only twelve brief months ago. The idle and the inquisitive, no less than the earnest seeker after "the stream of tendencies," might, in truth, spend a most profitable week in study of this matter of prime sociological importance. All that they would have to do is to select, as we did, seven or eight of the most interesting novels in the month's output, and compound for themselves what some indefatigable humorist might describe as "potted extract of heroine." If they chance to be men they will probably marvel a little at the result. If they are women—anything, of course, may happen, but, honestly, we fancy most of the more sedate members of the sex will be startled by a new conviction that modern novels have moved off the old slender lines of poetry and sentiment and spiritual insight much more swiftly than they had expected. Heroines now are drawn with characters as sharply defined as the outlines of their clothes.

We can take first, as a concrete example, the case of Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, who has deservedly a large public of admirers, who never descends to the methods of masters of mystery or kings of sensation, but is always patient, sincere, dignified, and observant. Everybody has read his story of Harrow days, "The Hill," and in his new story, "John Verney," * he has given us a sequel to that immensely popular book. In passing, it is perhaps only fair to say that we do not think that "John Verney," with its chronicle of uninteresting and insignificant elections, its steady advocacy of one side of politics, and its rather preposterous newspaper proprietor, demagogue and rogue, is a complete success. It is not—the dry bones do not live; but no fault can be found with the vitality of Sheila Desmond, the heroine, and her arrival on the scene is indicated thus: "The door was burst open, and a young lady came pelting in, tempestuously eager to embrace her daddy. She was followed by Penelope Bargus. 'By Jove!' exclaimed the delighted father."

Of course the poor secretary in the background, who is in love with her, thinks that "this radiant creature looked like a Dryad escaped from confining woods and rejoicing in the sunlight. An adorable hide-and-seek smile played about the corners of her mouth. The eyes, a golden brown, the colour of wet kelp, might find it easy to say 'yes,' the chin was delicately designed to say 'no'; but the curved mouth suggested the enticing word 'perhaps.'" Mr. Vachell really hastens to tell us this. Also that the secretary could remember a time when, as a child of nine, she had held up a dimpled face to him to be kissed, and had said, in the presence of Cæsar and the nurse, "I like John Verney; he's a nice boy. Some day, perhaps, I shall marry him." But when the young lady is allowed to act for herself, these poetic asides have to be dropped. For she describes the First Lord of the Admiralty as a "messy old man," and lets the secretary drift into a sentimental relationship with her, only to fall an easy prey to the more magnificent vitality and virility of the journalistic demagogue. Fresh from school, she does not hesitate to adjudicate in public on a scandal that involves the honour and morality of her lover, and only when he is proved to be a cheat and a liar does she return to John, who all through a great conflict of emotion has had to recognise that he has been over-handicapped by his personal inability to move her from the shallows of girlhood to the deeps of passionate experience that call to a woman.

We are, alas! in a trifle worse company in "Zoe: a Portrait." * In this book Mr. W. F. Casey strives to give us a true and rather striking picture of Dublin society and life, as found amongst the men who practise in the law courts. His chief pains, however, are expended on his full-length study of a heartless and unprincipled and rather common flirt—a girl who carries on usually with three most excellent men at one time, making each believe he is first in this unequal match; who marries a most worthy middle-aged doctor, and holds him at arm's length, so that she can gratify her lust for conquest; and who, when her poor distracted husband practically commits suicide, enjoys another series of emotional triumphs, till finally she falls with a gasp of satisfaction on the manly breast of a second Captain Dobbin. Her quality is well indicated by this sample of her correspondence—with a boy of twenty-three, who is madly in love with her:

"DEAR B,—

"The flowers are simply *too* sweet for words. I don't know *how* to thank you. I'll *try* not to forget I promised you the supper extras. *Ever* so many thanks—they are too *lovely*.

"In haste,

"ZOE."

In "The Eldest Son" † Mr. Archibald Marshall exhibits a somewhat similar lack of illusion as to the type of feminine character most likely to suit the strongly marked taste of the present moment. His heroine is a Lady George Dubec. "She was an actress. Musical comedy or something of the sort. But that was some years ago. Old George Dubec married her in New York, and led her an awful life. She used to hunt with the Quorn. Went like a bird, and didn't care how she went or where she went. People used to say she wanted to break her neck, and get away from George Dubec." Briefly, Mr. Marshall devotes all his fine knowledge of English country life to the feat of marrying her to the eldest son of the squire—a most delightful if obstinate character; and although he describes her at the outset as a tall, slender woman in the early thirties or possibly in the late twenties, with a face a little worn, eyes deep and lustrous, and features delicate, it takes him exactly 344 pages of print to accomplish the task to any artistic satisfaction. Feminine critics, perhaps, will be scarcely surprised at this when we explain that "when she smiled she was beautiful. Her dark hair was elaborately braided; her slim figure looked well in a black gown of soft folds. She had thin, almost transparent, hands, covered with jewels."

In Mr. Christopher Wilson's story, "For a Woman's Honour," ‡ everybody moves in an atmosphere of brimstone, red fire, and lurid melodrama. The chief bad man

* "John Verney." By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (John Murray.)

* "Zoe: a Portrait." By W. F. Casey. 6s. (Herbert & Daniel.)

† "The Eldest Son." By Archibald Marshall. 6. (Methuen.)

‡ "For a Woman's Honour." By Christopher Wilson. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

is one Sir Henry Granton. He is Secretary for War, and he murders his own wife, a chloral fiend, and carries on with a Lady Mardyke, the wife of a most gallant friend and soldier. "She (the adored one) was tall and graceful," we are told, "admirably dressed, and lithe in her movements. Her features were effectually concealed by a heavy black veil, which was fastened behind underneath her hat, so that the colour of her hair could not be seen. In an instant the cold, immobile features of the Secretary for War were transformed; his eyes lit up with a wonderful light, and he sighed spasmodically, with a quick intake of the labouring breath. For he was gazing into the eyes of Lady Helen Mardyke!" and she, we regret to put on record, is the principal but most unprincipled feminine character in this book.

The women in Mr. John Trevena's nightmare, "The Reign of the Saints," * are, of course, largely grotesques. They might have stepped out of lurid pages that described the French Revolution. They are rather clumsily set up on wires in this country to show us what deplorable things will conceivably happen to our own people and native land if we go on paying so close an attention to football, and ever permit our politicians to bribe the masses and inflame the prejudices of classes.

Mr. Mulvy Ouseley is, happily, on saner ground in "The Jewess," † a most extraordinary story of City vicissitudes, intrigues, and passions. Here we are thankful to say we come across respectable, family-loving wives, like the daughter of Sir Henry Worple, the City banker, who declares frankly, when the complications get strained unduly, "There are women who have no respect for the sacred character of the wedding ring, and who gloat with satisfaction over any triumph they may have temporarily achieved, and that Jewess is one of them; but there is not a woman-creature in the world who could make William, I think, turn traitor to me, and make him bend the knee to sin."

How strange, after these wild exotic outbursts, to come across the cool, lonely, mist-laden vistas in "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," ‡ by the author of "The Story of Gösta Berling" and the holder of the Nobel Literary Prize. Here we have rustic tragedy, the fruit of ill-starred passion, and the mother that would not let her betrayer forswear himself. "Just as the defendant begins to repeat the oath, she rushes forward, sweeps away his outstretched hand, and seizes the Bible. It is her terrible dread which has finally given her courage. He must not swear away his soul; he must not." Apparently nobody wants the old types of heroines—not even poor remote, rural Sweden!

STANHOPE W. SPRIGG.

THE NEW EUROPE.§

In a world already somewhat overstocked with books, it is not often that any new volume can candidly be said, in the well-worn phrase, to supply a long-felt want. That flattering comment may, however, with justice be made on Mr. Jeffery's "New Europe." The history of Europe in the nineteenth century crowds so closely on us that we cannot easily get it into perspective, cannot subordinate the details to the general scheme. Causes and effects of wars and treaties elude us (or, any at rate, some of us) as soon as apprehended. Yet to have some knowledge at least of the main events of that history is essential to the most general of readers. Without it one can have but a partial understanding of modern politics; much of the literature of the century loses half its significance. The poets who have sung so fervently the liberty of France and of Italy have made their music for half-deaf ears if we do not know the story of the French Revolution or of the fight for Italian unity. Of the means of gaining the requisite information there is no lack. That is the difficulty of the general reader, of the man who specialises elsewhere. He has other matters to attend to. He cannot go very deeply even into so important a subject as this. A general knowledge of the whole period is of more use to him than a detailed knowledge of any one part. Unless he be a man of much leisure, he cannot assimilate five fat volumes of "The Cambridge Modern History"; and still less can he peruse a sequence of monographs such as would make him very lord of the whole complex story. Therefore he feels the need of an account which shall be something more than a sketch and something less than a monument. For that need Mr. Jeffery has provided. He has packed into some three hundred and fifty pages just so much information as makes his book both digestible reading and an excellent work of reference to any but the specialist. The latter use is considerably augmented by admirable tables and maps; while the bibliographies enhance the value of the book as a springboard for those who wish to leap further into the whole subject or any part of it.

As literature "The New Europe" does not compare with such work as Lord Acton's "Historical Essays." Mr. Jeffery is no stylist. But it must be remembered that his purpose is mainly utilitarian, and he tells his difficult story with admirable lucidity. The layman who wishes to know the essentials about the Revolutions of 1789 and 1848, Napoleon's campaigns, the Crimean and Franco-Prussian Wars, all the events and forces that have moulded modern Europe, cannot do better than read this book. English domestic affairs are not discussed. It is a continental story. But the interplay of England with the Powers is well brought out, and this, without insularity, is a feature which will commend itself to most readers. To know how their country stands in relation to the rest of Europe is at present the very urgent business of Englishmen.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

BERNARD SHAW'S NEW PLAYS.*

If none is more blindly eulogistic of Mr. Shaw than are some of his own disciples, none is more chillingly critical of him than others of them are. In his "Modern Dramatists" (an admirable critical survey of the modern European theatre and the principal writers for it) Mr. Ashley Dukes says, perhaps a little unkindly, "Shaw's outstanding position as a dramatist is only comparative. His eminence is, as Renan says of Mill's, 'largely due to the flatness of the surrounding country.'" Some of us, who are not of the Shaw cult, are prepared to go a little beyond this. We can agree with Mr. Dukes that "Bernard Shaw is not only the most interesting of living playwrights, but the strongest personality and the clearest thinker"; that, in a word, he "is the greatest individual force in modern drama"; but we feel that his eminence is not merely comparative; some half-dozen of his plays give him a sure place among our great dramatists, if not among our greatest.

He appeals almost entirely to the intellect of his audiences; he rarely touches their emotions. Yet nobody can read certain parts of "Major Barbara" and the preface to that play without knowing that if Mr. Shaw could forget

* "The Reign of the Saints." By John Trevena. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

† "The Jewess." By Mulvy Ouseley. 6s. (John Ouseley, Ltd.)

‡ "The Girl from the Marsh Croft." By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. (Werner Laurie.)

§ "The New Europe." By R. W. Jeffery. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

* "The Doctor's Dilemma, and Other Plays." By Bernard Shaw. 6s. (Constable.)—"Modern Dramatists." By Ashley Dukes. 5s. net. (Frank Palmer.)

himself a little, if he could lose his colossal self-consciousness and put his heart into his work as well as his mind, if he could subdue himself and be still and let the sense of tears in mortal things humanise his spirit, instead of merely dramatising his prefaces, instead of giving us sociological pamphlets in dialogue, he has it in him to give us plays that should be really life-dramas and that would not need to be boosted into popularity by any elaborate system of log-rolling or self-advertisement.

Nothing is more amusing in a quiet way than to watch the fantastic developments of the higher criticism. A few years ago you found the superior critic laying it down that the problem novel, the play with a purpose, was essentially inartistic. Now he adoringly accepts the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw as the finest flower of modern dramatic art, yet most of them are problem plays; they are deliberately written with a purpose, and the purpose, so far from being concealed, is obtruded upon reader and spectator as emphatically as possible; plot, characters, all are made subservient to the problem. This may necessitate the exaggerating of a character out of all life-likeness, the arranging of events on purely arbitrary and artificial lines—but nothing matters so that the problem is forcibly stated.

Take the three plays in this new volume. You know perfectly well that no group of doctors would ever behave as the half-dozen specialists do in "The Doctor's Dilemma"—taking Dubedat and his wife to dine at Richmond, and all lending him money and tumbling over each other to go and attend upon the egregious artist in his studio. It is sheer farce; the people are brought together on the old crude, farcical plan, and they talk and behave in quite the old farcical manner; yet one gathers that this is meant to be a scathing satire on the medical profession. There is the same unreality about "Getting Married." The problem is cleverly set forth, and shirked; you are excellently entertained; you are amused, but the whole thing is superficial and ineffective. No section of men and women talk to each other as they are made to do here in the Norman kitchen of the Palace of the Bishop of Chelsea. Collins, that most delightful of greengrocers and mayors, moves among them like a lonely flesh-and-blood human creature amidst a collection of puppets. Hotchkiss, Lesbia, with her frank talk on sexual matters, Mrs. George, Soames, and the rest of them, are not alive, though they serve admirably to give voice to Mr. Shaw's philosophy of life. And what is one to say of "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet"? The humour of it is glorious, but the sentimentality of it is the untruest, sloppiest sentimentality that ever found its way into a book. It is the fashion nowadays to smile at the gross over-sentimentality of Bret Harte's rough, romantic rascals, but here is a Bret Harte story of the drunken, lawless, godless waster of the Wild West melted by the touch of a dying baby, suddenly arrested, all the better man in him suddenly reawakened, so that he curses, rages, preaches and plays the bluff sentimental hero in the blasphemous, teary old style that we all liked until the finer artists laughed at it. It won't do. In spite of Mr. Shaw's preface telling us that "this little play is really a religious tract in dramatic form," I find it difficult to believe that he intends "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet" as anything more than a masterly burlesque of the humorous-sentimental story of the Bret Harte convention.

Withal, though I have read many plays in these last twelve months, I have read none with more entire enjoyment. What could be more inartistic, you say, than that a play should be saddled with a preface that is longer than itself? First you have the whole problem fully and brilliantly discussed in that preface; then you have it all discussed over again in the play; sometimes the dialogue of the latter repeats the argument of the former in almost the same words; the characters are not normal or natural human beings, they are mere dramatic inventions created to carry on a state of existence and build up a story as unlikely as themselves. But they are diabolically cleverer and more interesting than most human beings; and the humour and wit and mordant irony of their speech and conduct are the surpassing things that stamp these comedies for continuance. They are not life but, though they fall some way below the level of Mr. Shaw's work, they contain some of the shrewdest, wittiest, most stimulating criticisms of life that have been written in our time.

As for the prefaces, apart from any considerations of art, I am convinced that the plays would be stronger and more effective if they were made to stand entirely on their own feet and speak entirely for themselves. Therefore, good as the prefaces are—and they are the best of good reading—until Mr. Shaw can break himself of the bad habit of writing them I would sooner, for my part, that he published his plays in one volume and his prefaces in another.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A LONG WAY WITH BERNARD SHAW.*

To write a book about a living man is to court rebuke, but to write a book about Mr. Bernard Shaw is to tempt Providence. Why this should be so I have never been able to understand, but it would be idle to ignore the fact that there is a determined objection, among reviewers at least, to any biographical attempt being made upon an author during his corporeal presence on this planet. Dr. Archibald Henderson is, however, one of a small but growing band who have the courage of the opposite conviction. What is more, he has had the temerity to come forward with a critical biography of the most widely and most deservedly discussed man of our time—George Bernard Shaw. I am not one of those who think it improper to write books about living men, far less about Mr. Bernard Shaw; and, believing, as I do, that the message of Mr. Shaw has neither been explained away nor accepted, I see many reasons why we should have several more books about him. But I hope the next Shaw book will express the feelings of some one who is neither a disciple, an appreciator, nor a mildly tolerant critic. The problem of Bernard Shaw is growing decidedly muzzy, if I may put it that way. We have got to clear the air by accepting his teachings, rejecting them, or ignoring them; appreciative interpretation and gentle rebuke have been tried with indifferent results; so indifferent are the results that those who have the ideas which surround the Shaw problem at heart are inclined to long for the coming of anti-Shaw. What probably is wanted at the present moment is not mere interpretation, but a strongly negative book about Mr. Bernard Shaw; that might clear the atmosphere.

Dr. Archibald Henderson, needless to say, has not met this need; on the contrary, he has merely recorded, extended, and elaborated almost everything that has been said about his subject since the subject became a problem. In his introduction he explains how it all happened. Six years ago his interest in Mr. Shaw's plays culminated in a desire to write down his impressions of that interest; so he set to work, at first intending nothing more extensive than a moderate treatise; but once started, his interest and his essay grew beyond all bounds—aided and abetted after a while by the dramatist-philosopher himself. The years passed by, and still he laboured at his task. Author after author launched books on the same subject—but Dr. Henderson was dauntless; and now, after six years' industry, the result is before us, and we have to say whether

* "George Bernard Shaw: A Critical Biography (Authorised)." By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of North Carolina. 21s. net. (Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.)

Jessie Holliday.

A Prophet, the Press, and some People.

Reproduced from the original water-colour.
From "George Bernard Shaw," by Archibald Henderson. (Hurst & Blackett)

time and labour have been wisely expended; whether the result, in short, justifies so much laboriousness. To do that is not so easy as it might appear to be, for Dr. Henderson's book has qualities which transcend its rather obvious weaknesses. It would be the easiest thing in the world to pull this cumbersome book to pieces on its weak side; it would be far easier to spirit away possible readers of it by yawning out a column or so of faint praise. But such methods are worthless.

The chief defect of this critical biography is a defect of quantity. The book is too large. Dr. Henderson lost his sense of proportion when he abandoned the idea of writing an essay and entered upon the hazardous task of a definitive "authorised" biography. Books about living men ought to be decently brief; this book is shamelessly enormous. But if its size repels readers to-day, it will most assuredly attract students of Bernard Shaw in the future. Its very comprehensiveness gives it the importance of an historical document. The cardinal error which the biographer seems to have committed was to have attempted to keep pace with the progress, the output, the tireless energy of Mr. Shaw. Dr. Henderson seems to have been obsessed during the whole of his task by the perpetual effervescence of his subject. The actual G. B. S. was too prominently in his vision—throwing off plays and prefaces, discussing, scolding, entertaining, and Dr. Henderson tried desperately to keep pace, forgetting that keeping pace with the life of an energetic public man from day to day is not the business of the biographer, but of the journalist. The result is that his book is a good chronicle rather than a good biography. It is, however, something more than a chronicle of the life of Mr. Bernard Shaw, it is a remarkable chronicle of English revolutionary movements during the last twenty-five years; and still remarkable when we allow for limitations due to the fact that it was written in America by an American whose knowledge of the period was necessarily literary. And in this reference, let me hasten to say, the book follows the original wish of Mr. Shaw, who in replying to one of his biographer's many letters to him during the early days of the work, said, "I do not think what you propose is important as *my* biography, but a thorough biography of any man who is up to the chin in the life of his time as I have been is worth writing as a historical document." In the sixteen chapters of his book, Dr. Henderson tells the history of the idea movements of the last quarter of a century *apropos* of Bernard Shaw. Here and there he is shaky as to points of fact, and he allows enthusiasm for his hero to colour his history now and then, as, for instance, when he speaks of Mr. Bernard Shaw being "head and centre of the Fabian Society." Those who know anything about the Fabian Society know that its head and centre is not Mr. Bernard Shaw but Mr. Sidney Webb; Fabianly speaking, Mr. Bernard Shaw is Mr. Webb's chief spokesman. Dr. Henderson has not realised that there are two Shaws: one, the Fabian constitutionalist, devoted adherent of Mr. Sidney Webb; the other, the impulsive revolutionary of "Man and Superman" and the insurrectionist of "Major Barbara." But such failings do not dispose of the book's value as a comprehensive record, or rather as a bird's-eye view of the period and movements it covers—which is a truer description of its achievement.

The publishers seem to have spared no pains in making the book unpleasing to the eye by dressing it in a depressing buckram of no particular colour at all, and giving it an entirely graceless printed page; and Dr. Henderson might have been more felicitous in his choice of illustrations. The photographs of the doorways at Adelphi Terrace and Fitzroy Square are quite superfluous, and surely a better frontispiece could have been chosen than Mr. Coburn's characterless experiment in colour photography which now occupies that position. Despite the fact that the author acknowledges the help of Mrs. Bernard Shaw in the selection of the photographs, he does not include several portraits which certainly ought to have been found in his book, if not in place of some of those which do appear, most surely in place of the portraits of Karl Marx and Henry George. But there is one photographic omission which is quite inexcusable: a series of masterly photographs of Bernard Shaw were taken by Mr. Frederick H. Evans in the eighteen-nineties; they are among the best yet taken of the dramatist and it is not easy to understand why they are not represented. The selection of drawn portraits and caricatures is also very poor; even the choice from among the many caricatures of G. B. S. by Max Beerbohm is not the happiest, and there are several others which might have taken the place of the numerous reproductions of playbills with advantage to the book. But these defects are all parts of that lack of proportion which is so marked a feature of this latest biography of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Perhaps Dr. Henderson spent too many years on the book, and, maybe, instead of controlling it to the end, it ended by controlling him. Whatever the cause of this achievement in the unwieldly, few will doubt its sincerity, and the reader who cannot find instruction and entertainment within its covers lacks the art of reading.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

Novel Notes.

POOR EMMA! By Evelyn Tempest. 6s. Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a very clever and entertaining story, told in an easy, sparkling style. "My dear! have you heard about Gerald Hobart?" it begins. "He's going to marry his nursery-governess! . . . Coming home, I met the man himself, and said I believed I had to congratulate him. I said, 'I *hope* you'll be very happy.' For the life of me I couldn't help it. He had the grace to look rather embarrassed." Gerald Hobart is a wealthy widower with a small son of six named Jimmy, and Emma is the nursery-governess. As a stepmother Emma leaves much to be desired, and Jimmy unconsciously makes this public when, at a "musical afternoon," she calls him to her to fix his tie; her movement is a little abrupt as she raises her hands to put the ribbon straight, and the little fellow throws up his elbow as if to ward off a blow. He is quite unconscious of what he has done—but he is about the only person in the room who is. The characters throughout the book, Linda and Aunt Ellen specially, are uncommonly well drawn, and prove the author's keen sense of humour and deep insight into human nature. We wonder how many women will agree with Emma when she says that she supposes that it doesn't matter what women are in politics. "I like the back seat best, with all the cushions," she says, entirely forgetting the thousands of women who have to take back seats without any cushions. The story develops in a rather unexpected way, and the title is fully justified. It is a book well worth buying, well worth reading, and well worth keeping.

THE SEA-LION. By Patrick Rushden. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

"The Sea-Lion" is the work of a new writer. It is by no means what the title suggests, an adventurous yarn of the sea; its atmosphere throughout is essentially that of the drawing-room, and the plot runs on more or less conventional lines. Brian Thornfield, the actual sea-lion, is a brilliant writer of sea-stories, but, owing to a series of misfortunes, he is confined to his room a helpless cripple, and the products of his brain are exploited by his villainous half-brother, Stanley, who poses as the popular author and reaps all the credit, supplanting Brian in love as well as in fame. We meet Stanley as a "Man from Blankley's," or as the author dubs him a "guinea-pig"—a professional diner-out hired at a guinea a night; and the remarkable likeness Stanley bears to his cabined half-brother helps him to steal the sympathy and eventually the heart of Brian's "Lady of Succour." Telepathy and hypnotism play important parts in the exposure of Stanley's villainy and the final triumph of Brian. The story is rather spun out; it suffers from a frequent repetition of obvious explanation, and its action moves too slowly. The character-drawing, however, is excellent, and the author's fertility of expression and abundant critical powers are valuable and promising assets.

LOVE IN PERNICKETTY TOWN. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Love in Pernicketty Town" is a weird, exciting story of how a Mesmeric Evangelist came to Pernicketty Town, and how his coming affected the different people who flocked to hear him. The story is told by Adrian Ross, the classical master at Longtown High School, and he tells how Reston Rigg, the Evangelist, influenced January Cassells, one of the headmaster's three charming daughters. January becomes completely changed, to the despair of her people, and Ross himself, while resisting the Evangelist's mystic influence, is unwittingly made his tool. With Reston Rigg comes Hester Vane, the first soloist at his meetings, and this girl seems to stand outside the circle of his mesmeric influence, and looks on at the fascinated audience with scarcely concealed contempt. The mystery attaching to the first soloist is only solved by Adrian in an hour of extreme need. The story has an unusual plot, and Mr. Crockett tells it with a skill and imaginative power that keep the reader keenly interested throughout.

TALES OF THE UNEASY. By Violet Hunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Violet Hunt's latest book is a very remarkable collection of short stories which amply live up to their title. The author's principal characters are indeed recruited from the ranks of the "uneasy," from the flirtatious girl of the opening story to the deceived husband of the last. The stories are curiously level in merit, and it would be difficult—as well as unnecessary—to find one of them greatly superior to the rest. That which induced the most uncomfortable sensations in the present writer was certainly the last and longest—"The Tiger-Skin," which is a truly horrible tale of the cruelty of a eugenist mother towards her weakly child. The author has something of a leaning towards the ghostly and uncanny, and two of the stories concern the reincarnation of dead lovers. The book is certainly the more striking by reason of its author's complete detachment and impartiality. In fact, Miss Hunt has once again proved that she knows as well as any living English writer how to write a short story, her treatment of her various themes is invariably effective to the last degree, and the collection can do nothing but add to an already considerable reputation.

THE TRAP. By Dick Donovan. 6s. (F. V. White.)

"The Trap" is a stirring story of far greater interest than the average dramatic novel because it is constructed out of records and incidents of real life. "It is a human document of real people, real lives," says Mr. Dick Donovan in his Foreword to the book, ". . . of real characters who are playing their chosen parts at the present hour both in Europe and America, and are knit together by a bond so strong, so terrible, that all the highly organised police systems of the world cannot break it." The story deals with the secret societies of the Black Hand and the Camorra, and in the course of a cleverly planned and well-told tale we learn something of the workings of these powerful associations, their laws, and the fate that overtakes any member who breaks his oaths. The first scene of the book is laid in London when, on a stormy October night, a man is found lying in a narrow court off Wardour Street stabbed to the heart. He is identified as a Mr. Carlo Politi, the keeper of a curiosity shop in Wardour Street; and later, when his shop is searched by the police, his servant and his old assistant are found murdered in the kitchen. Mrs. Politi has disappeared. This is the prologue; the scene is moved to Naples, and a thrilling and tragic drama begins when Joseph Bastu appears and starts to stealthily and skilfully unravel the threads of the mystery. It is all done with a ripe craftsmanship and a subtle instinct for dramatic effect that easily make "The Trap" one of the most absorbingly interesting sensational stories we have ever read.

A BED OF ROSES. By W. L. George. 6s. (Palmer.)

It should be sufficient to state that the title of this novel has been aptly taken from a passage in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" by Bernard Shaw in order to indicate the social problem which Mr. George has chosen for his theme. The text has been found in an "unpleasant" play, and it may truthfully be said that the novel has an equal right to the adjective. There is no necessity to go into the details of a sordid story. A young and beautiful woman is left almost penniless by the death of her drunken husband. For a time she succeeds in maintaining herself by "honest" labour. It is not long, however, before she collapses physically beneath the strain of the long hours and starvation wages which the present state of

society as organised by man has imposed upon women. She becomes a rebel, and a vindictive rebel. While selling herself she keeps constantly in view the aim of ultimate freedom, and, as she is thoroughly non-moral, she succeeds in a few years in amassing enough money to achieve her purpose. The story ends with a situation full of irony. Mrs. Fulton settles in a country village, where she is hailed by the curate as one of "the old-fashioned school," and by the bachelor Squire as a possible mistress for Redland Hall. Objectionable as the story is in many ways, it cannot be thrust aside as a mere piece of pornography, as only another addition to that "fleshly school" of writing against which vigorous protests have been made in the columns of THE BOOKMAN. Mr. George writes with an obvious sincerity of purpose which alone can justify him. But beyond this we cannot go. The pages of a novel are a dangerous medium through which to call attention to the social sore in question.

THE LORD DOLLAR. By Harper Curtis. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Harper Curtis's name is unfamiliar to us, but if "The Lord Dollar" be indeed a "first" novel, he may be warmly congratulated upon a piece of work which shows considerable, though perhaps not extraordinary, promise. The author lays his scene in some unspecified South American state (which we believe to be Peru), of which he evidently has a first-hand knowledge. There can be no doubt that the book gains considerably from the unfamiliarity of its surroundings, but it does not depend wholly, or even to any very large extent, upon them for its interest. Mr. Curtis's plot is strong, and he has turned his many dramatic situations to excellent account. The Prologue supplies the keynote of the story that follows in a brief account of a crime of an exceedingly clever variety, and one which we believe to be typical of the Spanish genius for intrigue. It is interesting to note that it was an actual, and not a fictional, occurrence. It would spoil the reader's interest in the book to give away the details of the plot or of the very charming love-story which is interwoven with it, but we can strongly recommend this effective and well-constructed melodrama. We shall hope to hear more of Mr. Curtis in the future.

MOLL O' THE TOLL-BAR. By Theodora Wilson-Wilson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Here is another book from Miss Wilson-Wilson that brings with it the atmosphere of the North Country and carries us back to the dawn of the nineteenth century. It is full of excitement and absorbing interest, and we feel loth to lay it aside till the mystery surrounding the fascinating and beautiful heroine has been fully solved and the real heir of Brackenthwaite Hall discovered. Moll o' the Toll-bar is a novel kind of heroine who has a curious influence on the peasants of Ullerdale, the Cumberland village where the greater part of this story takes place. Harry Brackenthwaite finds this out at their first meeting, when a band of starving men are raiding a farm for corn. On account of this strange power she has over them the people suspect her of witchcraft, and are somewhat afraid of "Lady Moll," as they call her. Miss Wilson-Wilson gives us characters—not mere dummies invented for the sake of the plot, but natural, human individualities that one can like, scorn, pity, or admire. And who could help admiring Moll, with her strength, her bewitching beauty, her pluck, her independence, her deep love, and her intolerable hate? Her story is one that readers will thoroughly enjoy and not easily forget.

LE GENTLEMAN. By E. Sidgwick. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Miss Sidgwick's first novel, "Promise," won golden opinions and also, we believe, no small success. It proved that a new writer has arisen possessed of real ability and insight, and "Le Gentleman" holds no disappointment for the readers of "Promise." It is an exceedingly delicate and charming study of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Meysie is a butterfly English girl with artistic ambitions, but no depth of character or feeling. She is engaged to Alexander, a Scotsman of the dour, honest, honourable type who supplies the book with its title. Alexander has come to Paris to look after Meysie, whose health has always been delicate. There he meets with Gilberte, a student at the Sorbonne, who is taking an examination in English. He is much attracted to her, and at the same time he finds that Meysie is making a fool of herself over the brilliant and successful, but heartless, artist Avery. It might spoil a good story to tell what "Le Gentleman" does, but our readers may be assured that they will be making no mistake if, by hook or by crook, they get the book to read. It is one of the truest and most natural studies of character we have come across for a long time.

THE UNDER-MAN. By Joseph Clayton. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Your comfortable, well-fed friend with his "All's right with the world" should read this book. He will not enjoy it—the gloomy realism of "The Under-Man" is not a thing to "enjoy" any more than bad health—but you may be sure that before he settles back once more into his complacent arm-chair philosophy, he will have to answer many a haunting, disturbing question touching the canker at the heart of our social system. The story chronicles the history of a young clerk who at the age of nineteen finds himself unemployed and, as far as he can see, unemployable. Industrious, honest, unobtrusive, Murray Basset is a decent average young man; but he lacks "push," and once he has lost caste by taking a labourer's job in a London gas-works, he is cut off from the girl he loves and drifts hopelessly and helplessly about in the sea of casual employment. One would like to have heard more concerning Murray's experiences in Canada. The meagre half-page devoted to that period of his struggle for existence merely dismisses Canada as useless for the man who, though industrious, is "without capital or the instinct for getting capital." Murray's story is one long, half-hearted fight against injustice, and no sooner do the clouds show signs of breaking than he allows himself to be convicted on a charge of manslaughter in place of his friend, the real culprit. It is a sombre, thoughtful tale told with obvious sincerity and sympathetic insight, and the glimpses it affords of the inner, as well as the outer, life of the under-man are both powerful and illuminating.

TWO GIRLS AND A MANNIKIN. By Wilkinson Sherren. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Shadow and sunshine brightens and darkens alternately across the pages of Mr. Wilkinson Sherren's new book, and the story ends in a mist which a future sun may thin but never altogether disperse. It is a powerful book—a book to be remembered, that gives great scope to the author's skill in character drawing. The plot is ingenious and well constructed and the narrative is unfolded in a masterly, vigorous style. Reuben Rashley, a young compositor, who spends his leisure hours as a Methodist preacher in the little chapel at Abbotston, is engaged to Ruth Batinshaw, who, like her father, is intensely religious. Ruth has an accident and breaks her leg, and while she is lying ill her twin sister, Hermoine, returns home from London, where she has been for some time in business. Although practically an unbeliever she takes Ruth's place at the chapel organ and meets Reuben for the first time. And then begins Reuben's great struggle; for while Ruth appeals to him spiritually and mentally, Hermoine fascinates him physically. In the midst of his perplexities

his mother dies; the shock of this makes him throw his religion to the winds and he plunges into a state of deep gloom. "The frequent references to death in his sermons meant no more than allusions to the fall of the leaf. Death, as a fact of human conditions in this world, now swept his mind of the preacher's ready thought that finds a verbal prescription for every ill." His unbelief causes Ruth acute pain, and she pleads with him to come back to their religion again, but her pleading is useless. She will not take Hermoine's advice and let him "talk his wildest" for the time being, but says she must break off their engagement if he persists in being an unbeliever. The engagement is broken off, and his extraordinary attachment to the other sister grows stronger in spite of his will. He feels that some fearful power draws him to her, and that "she was the chain that held him to lower levels. Hers was the face that alike obscured the face of God and the face of Ruth. He knew it, and writhed under the spell he could not break." Reuben, though six feet high "in his stockings" proves indeed to be a mannikin, and nothing more. No mention should be made of Mr. Sherren's book without a reference to Captain Rashley (with the three clocks incessantly ticking in his kitchen); he is one of the most genial, lovable old sea captains that have lived in the world of fact or live in the world of fiction. Mr. Sherren has written other good books, but in "Two Girls and a Mannikin" he touches a higher level than he has ever reached before.

The Bookman's Table.

TROBADOR POETS. By Barbara Smythe. 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that, despite the close political relations which so long subsisted between England and Provence, the works of the Trobador poets should have received so little attention from scholars in this country. It cannot, indeed, be claimed for this volume that it is anything more than a "popular" selection from the writings of the best-known trobadors. Within the limits, however, which were imposed upon her Miss Barbara Smythe has produced an eminently satisfactory work. Her introductory sketch sets out well for the uninitiated the main facts which it is essential to know, and the same remark applies also to the brief biographical notices which are prefixed to the poems of the individual writers. Miss Smythe, like the majority of modern critics, regards Bernart of Ventadorn as the greatest of these poets, and she is certainly right when she observes that a note of sincerity runs through all his songs which we do not find in many of the other trobadors. As an instance of his poetry and of the skill with which, on the whole, the poems have been translated by Miss Smythe, we quote the following famous stanza:

> "Whene'er I see the lark take flight
> And soar up towards the sun on high,
> Until at last for sheer delight
> It sinks, forgetting how to fly,
> Such envy fills me when I see
> All those whom love thus glad can make,
> I marvel that the heart of me
> With love and longing does not break."

With Miss Smythe's estimate of Bertran de Born we do not entirely agree, and we are not surprised to see that the name of M. de Boysson is not included among the list of authorities which she has consulted. It is possible, we think, that if she had seen M. de Boysson's book Miss Smythe might considerably revise her opinion of this interesting character.

A SCOTS DIALECT DICTIONARY. Compiled by the Rev. Alexander Warrack, M.A. With an Introduction and Dialect Map by William Grant, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (W. & R. Chambers.)

To those who seek to arrest the decay of all that is best and strongest in the Scottish national character, this book will be heartily welcome. In the Scots dialect and its literature is embalmed a past stirring and sad, yet highly honourable, and it is, of course, not possible that events of to-day can give rise to such strong outbursts of feeling as would create another such literature. This applies equally to the preservation of the Broad Scots dialect and the Gaelic language as to the English dialects, which embody, as no other ever can again, the life and history of the Lancashire weaver, the Yorkshire iron worker, the Newcastle collier, and the ploughman of southern England. It is well that we should awaken authorities to the fact that education is wrong in attempting to rob the people's speech of local character, and make it conform to a general standard. Mr. Warrack's book will be a valuable help to that end; it is full, brief, well arranged, and contains an admirable historical sketch of the dialect in which Mr. Grant lays stress on the neglected matter of intonation.

MRS. E. M. WARD'S REMINISCENCES. Edited by Elliott O'Donnell. With 6 Photogravure Plates. 12s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

One of the most delightful volumes of personalia that have been published this year is "Mrs. E. M. Ward's Reminiscences." Herself a distinguished artist, and one of a family of artists, she has lived all her life in the world of art and numbered most of the great painters of her day among her friends and acquaintance. George Morland was her great-uncle by marriage; her grandfather was James Ward, R.A.; her father, George Raphael Ward, the portrait-painter and mezzotint engraver; her mother, *née* Mary Webb, a miniature painter and frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy; her brother, William Ward, A.R.A., the engraver; her husband the well-known painter, E. M. Ward, R.A. (in no way related to her, though he bore the same name); and her son is Leslie Ward, the popular "Spy" of *Vanity Fair*. Mrs. Ward writes interestingly, in a very pleasant and gossipy fashion, about a host of famous and interesting people. Her reminiscences tell in an attractively informal way the story of her own and her husband's lives. There is a charming account of her visits to Windsor when she was painting some of the Royal portraits, and vivid and illuminating sketches of many of the notabilities who sat to her and her husband; but the most enjoyable things in the book are the descriptions it gives of her everyday home-life, and the genial and brilliant social circle in which she moved. She has great skill in presenting character and can paint a portrait in words almost as well as with the brush; moreover, she is gifted with a quick sense of humour, has many capital anecdotes to relate, and relates them admirably. Both as a contribution to Victorian social and art history and as thoroughly entertaining autobiography, Mrs. Ward's Reminiscences are a valuable possession, and every discerning reader will be grateful to her for having written them. There are three excellent portraits and reproductions of three of the best-known pictures of Mrs. Ward and her husband.

BARBAROUS MEXICO. By John Kenneth Turner. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

With a revolution now in full progress in Mexico the appearance of Mr. Turner's book is especially timely. It has long been the fashion to regard the development and growth of Mexico during, say, the last thirty years as phenomenal, while in particular eulogies have been outpoured upon President Diaz as "the saviour of his country," "the grandest man in the Americas," "the greatest peace-

maker alive, greater than Roosevelt." Mr. Turner flatly disagrees with these estimates, which, in his opinion, arise from ignorance or bias. Mexico is not advancing. "Among persons who have travelled extensively in Argentina, Chile, Brazil, and even Cuba, and Mexico, there is a fair measure of agreement that Mexico is the most backward of the five—in the matter of government, in the matter of public education, even industrially." Nor is Diaz's peace-making satisfactory. "He has kept the peace—if it can be called keeping the peace—by disposing of his opponents as fast as their heads have appeared above the horizon. This sort of peace . . . has no virtue, because the fruits of legitimate peace fail to ripen under it." But the main theme of Mr. Turner's remarkable accusation is the slavery which according to his account is rampant in the more remote parts of the country, and especially in Yucatan and the terrible Valle Nacional. Heart-rending are many of the author's stories of the slaves he has met, the manner in lwhich they have been entrapped, and their terrible ife. Provided that the reader has fairly strong nerves, he will find "Barbarous Mexico" a book alike impressive and instructive.

LETTERS FROM FLEET STREET. 5s. net. (Frank Palmer.)

We are not going to discuss the authenticity of these letters; the writer may really have been a broken old Fleet Street editor with empty pockets and a head full of experiences, and the person they are written to may really have been one of his contributors whom he idealised into fairyhood and treated as his adopted daughter; on the other hand the whole thing may be, and most likely is, sheer fiction. Anyhow, the picture of the unsuccessful hack of an editor is true enough, and so are many of his reflections on the journalistic life to which he has devoted himself. His advice and his comments on men and women and things are cynical, shrewd, a little shallow and very sentimental by turns. "Manufactured epigrams are the 'heavier-than-air' machines that fail to fly," he says, and now and then he proves the correctness of his assertion by manufacturing a few, but in the main his epigrams are good; so are nearly all his anecdotes. It is a thoroughly readable book, with much in it that is informing and very much that is amusing; editors of such excessive sentimentality are rare, and the note is rather overdone at the finish; but whether you take it as fact or as fiction, you will find it all interesting, the letters revealing not only the writer's thoughts about what he has seen and known, but narrating in hints and snatches a dainty little love idyll.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Justus Wise, by A. Wilson-Barrett (6s.), is a distinctly clever story, skilfully planned and written, and should on no account be missed by lovers of good dramatic fiction. The reader's interest is gripped from the outset, when the body of a dead man is found in the office chimney of Justus Wise, Confidential Agent. While Wise and his clerk are gazing in horror at the dead man they are called away to see a client in another room. They return to find to their amazement that the body has disappeared. Thus begins an enthralling and baffling mystery; for its unveiling, go to the book itself and you will find it excellent reading.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Even in this day of cheap reprints, nothing of that kind could well surpass Mr. Heinemann's "popular cloth edition" of the works of Tolstoy. He has already given us **The Death of Ivan Ilyitch** (2s. 6d. net) and **Anna Karenin** (3s. 6d. net), and now adds to the series Tolstoy's great story, **War and Peace** (3s. 6d. net), admirably printed and running to over one thousand five hundred pages. One could not wish for a more satisfactory edition of the Russian novelist's works than is available in these excellent translations by Mrs. Constance Garnett.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Miss Dorothy Senior has nothing particularly new to tell about King Charles II., but **The Gay King** (12s. 6d. net) is written in the bright and attractive manner which is inseparably connected with the popular biography of the present day. The author has turned to good account many of the more purple episodes of the King's private life, but the book also is successful in supplying the reader with an accurate picture of the manners very unlike those of modern times. The book is sumptuously produced, and the author may be congratulated upon her sympathetic and picturesque treatment of a difficult subject.

MESSRS' BLACKWOOD & SONS.

Miss Annette M. B. Meakin's sympathy and sense of the picturesque have already been well displayed in several volumes of travel impressions. In **What America is Doing** (10s. 6d. net) she gives us a series of thirty-five "Letters from the New World" which will help to enhance her reputation. Covering a period of about five months, and dating from various places in the Eastern and Central States (Miss Meakin seems not to have gone further west than Chicago) the letters form a most interesting criticism of the American genius as it expresses itself in its own country. England naturally supplies the author with her standard of comparison, and many are the hard knocks she has to give to our national pride. "We think we are flattering the Americans when we call them Anglo-Saxons, but they themselves have dropped that appellation with the nineteenth century, and now prefer to be called Teutons. And there is another thing that I have discovered since I came here—namely, that the Americans consider themselves to be the greatest of the world Powers; they class Germany as the second, and only allow Great Britain to come in third! . . . 'All your young men seem to be waiting for some one to die!' remarked an American friend of mine who had lived some years in England." Yes, there is much truth in this most interesting and suggestive book.

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION.

Tourists and lovers of the country have long owed a debt of gratitude to the Homeland Association, but in our opinion the "Homeland Pocket Book" Series lays them under the greatest obligation of all. The small, handy volume, **North Devon, with West Somerset** (2s. 6d. net), by Beatrice and Gordon Home, is much more than a guide-book; it makes quite fascinating reading, and is full of stories of towns and buildings and hills and spaces. The past and the present are well blended here; and by word and picture the small volume proclaims itself a companion for all seasons of the year. One excellent and valuable feature of the "pocket-book" is the actual pocket inside the last cover, containing a couple of admirable maps, scaled at two miles to the inch.

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

Mr. Sidney Heath's **Old English Houses of Alms** (£1 1s. net) is a very interesting and handsomely produced volume. telling in an excellent introduction of the origin of these homes for the old, the sick and the needy; then in some forty odd chapters describing the architecture and giving particulars of the history of our old English almshouses and hospitals. It forms an invaluable supplement to, or, rather, is the complement of Miss Rotha Mary Clay's monumental work on "English Mediæval Hospitals." Mr. Heath has illustrated it with numerous clever sketches and some good plans, and to the practical architect no less than to those who are interested in our domestic history and the picturesque survivals of antiquity it may be warmly recommended as an able and reliable book on an uncommonly attractive subject.

New Books of the Month.

FROM MARCH 10 TO APRIL 10.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

ALLEN, JAMES.—Man: King of Mind, Body, and Circumstance. 1s. net.....(Rider)

CHAPMAN, HUGH B.—At the Back of Things. 5s. net (Duckworth)

Choice Sayings: Being Notes of Expositions of the Scriptures. Revised by Robert C. Chapman. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net .....(Morgan & Scott)

COOPER, SIR WILLIAM EARNSHAW, C.I.E.—Spiritual Science, Here and Hereafter. With Introduction by William Le Queux. 3s. 6d. net .....(L. N. Fowler)

DUHM, BERNHARD, D.D.—The Ever-Coming Kingdom of God: a Discussion on Religious Progress. Translated by Dr. Archibald Duff of Bradford. 2s. 6d. net. (Black)

EDGHILL, ERNEST ARTHUR, B.D.—The Revelation of the Son of God: Some Questions and Considerations arising out of a Study of Second-Century Christianity. The Hulsean Lectures for 1910–11. 3s. net..(Macmillan)
ELLIS, PERCY ANSLEY.—Modern Views of the Bible. With Introduction by the Very Rev. Dr. Armitage Robinson. 2s. net .....(Ouseley)
FOXELL, W. J., M.A.—A Mirror of Divine Comfort. With Foreword by the Bishop of London. 2s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)
FREMANTLE, HON. W. H., D.D.—Natural Christianity. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net .....(Harper)
FRERE, W. H., D.D.—Some Principles of Liturgical Reform: a Contribution towards the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer. 5s. net .....(Murray)
GARVIE, ALFRED E., M.A., D.D.—Christian Life and Belief: a Description and Defence of the Gospel. 2s. 6d. net (Congregational Union and James Clarke)
ILLINGWORTH, J. R., M.A., D.D.—Divine Transcendence and its Reflection in Religious Authority: an Essay. 4s. 6d. net .....(Macmillan)
KNIGHT, H. T., M.A.—The Cross, the Font, and the Altar: Addresses for Holy Week. 1s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner)
LITTLETON, REV. HON. CECIL J., M.A.—The Handmaid of the Lord. 2s. net .....(Wells Gardner)
MEYER, F. B.—Christ in Isaiah. 1s. net ...(Morgan & Scott)
MEYER, F. B., B.A.—Christian Living. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net .....(Morgan & Scott)
MEYER, F. B., B.A.—The Future Tenses of the Blessed Life. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net .....(Morgan & Scott)
MEYER, F. B., B.A.—The Present Tenses of the Blessed Life. 6d. net and 1s. 6d. net.....(Morgan & Scott)
NANKIVELL, CONSTANCE.—The Making of Men: Motherhood. 1s. net .....(Wells Gardner)
PAYNE, REV. J. D., M.A.—The English Bible: an Historical Survey, from the Dawn of English History to the Present Day. 2s. net.....(Wells Gardner)
READE, ROBERT C. L.—Spiritual Healing and the Anointing of the Sick. 1s. 6d. net .....(Wells Gardner)
Records of the English Bible: the Documents relating to the Translation and Publication of the Bible in English, 1525–1611. Edited, with an Introduction, by Alfred W. Pollard. 5s. net .....(Frowde)
ROSSINGTON, HERBERT J., M.A., B.D.—Did Jesus Really Live? A Reply to "The Christ Myth." 1s. net (P. Green, 5, Essex Street, W.C.)
SHEFFIELD, ALFRED DWIGHT.—The Old Testament Narrative Separated out, Set in Connected Order, and Edited. With 24 Illustrations. 6s. net .....(Constable)
SHERLOCK, FREDERICK.—Testimonies to the Book. 1s. 6d. net .....(Wells Gardner)
WICKSTEED, PHILIP H., M.A.—Old and New Conceptions of the Structure and Chronology of the Old Testament. 1d. .....(British & Foreign Unitarian Association)
Wisdom of Schopenhauer, The: as Revealed in some of his principal Writings. Selected and Translated by Walter Jekyll, M.A. With Portrait. 6s. net ..(Watts)
WORDSWORTH, ELIZABETH.—Onward Steps, or the Incarnation and its Practical Teaching. 2s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)

NEW EDITION.

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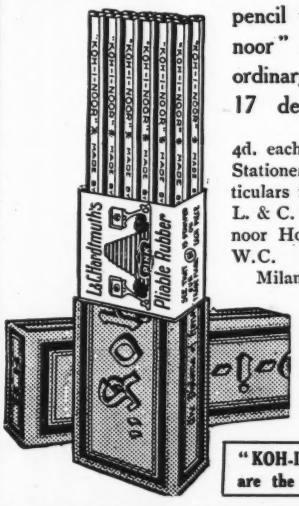

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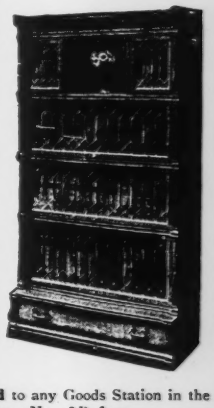

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